

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

NIGHTMARE

47364
NO 9
OCT
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60¢



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A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

FEAR-FEATUREING:
THE
**SKULL-FOREST
OF
OLD
EARTH!**

THE
**GARGOYLE
TRILOGY!**
and
NIGHT
IN THE
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ISRAEL WALDMAN - PUBLISHER
ALAN HEWETSON - EDITOR
HERSCHEL WALDMAN - BUSINESS
MANAGER

NUMBER 9

OCTOBER 1972

NIGHTMARE

...THE MAD-EMOTIONS WITHIN US TAUNT AND HORRIBLY TEASE OUR SAD, SLITHERING SOULS... SEND US REELING INTO WILDCREALMS OF ESSENTIAL ARCHAIC HORRORS THOUGHT LONG BURIED IN GRAVES UNFORGETTABLELY LUNACY- SPAWNED...

...THIS IS THE
LUNATIC ISSUE
...THE NIGHTMARE
NUMBER WHERE WORDS
TO DEFINE RHYME
AND REASON ARE THROWN
TO THE SHRIEKING
WINDS... FOR WE ARE
STARTING TO GET
INTO THE
HORROR-MOOD

THESE ARE THE THINGS
THAT AWAIT UNDER A
COVER OF HORRID
UN-NAMED OLD EARTH
ATROCITIES... BY
ARTIST **MIRALLES**...

4... LET US CREEP BACK A
CENTURY INTO A GAMMIT
OF HAUNTING INNARDS
IN **MARKHEIM**...

11... NOXIUS NIGHT BECOMES
AS DREADFUL DAY IN THIS
FEARFUL LEER INTO THE
"NIGHTMARE WORLD..."
CALL THEM GHOULS...
TROLL... CALL THEM...
...THINGS...

16 AND 17... A TWO-PAGE
COLLECTION OF ODD
OTHER-THINGS... **ZOO FOR
THE BEASTS OF THE
UNIVERSE**...

20... THE COVER FLIGHT
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28... NIGHTMARE MOVIE
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32... CELEBRATE THE
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38... THREE DEAD STONE
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IN THE 3 TO MAKE 1 TALE...
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49... **THE NIGHT IN THE
WAX MUSEUM**
IS A NIGHT IN THE
GUTTERS OF A
WAX-GLUTTED MIND...

58... THE WRETCHES ALL
MUST DIE... EVEN THE
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...
BEFORE THEY LEARN
WHO IS... **THE
WEREWOLF WITHIN...**

BACK COVER... **THE THING
IN THE ALLEY**... BUT THAT'S
WHERE THE HORRORS OF THIS
ALL END... AND WHY ARE WE
NOW CONCERNED WITH AN
END WHEN WE'RE JUST
STARTING TO **BEGIN**...

... TEE HEE...
C'MON... C'MON...
HEH HEH HEH HEH
...THESE ARE THE
CRAFTY CONTENT'S
PAGES WHERE WEIRD
BLURBS ARE PRESENTED
TO BURST YOUR EVERY
BUBBLE OF BRAIN-
CONCOCTED **SANITY**...

...HEH HEE HEE HEE...
WHERE YOUR MIND-PEBBLES
BEGIN TO **CURDLE**... WHERE
WORDS FLOAT AROUND DUMPING
TORRENTS OF HEH HEH
HEH HEH.
MAD, MUDDY, MANIACAL
EMOTIONS ON YOUR... TEE HEE...
HORRIBLE HEAD...

...FOR THIS... TEE HEE...
THIS IS THE HORROR-MOOD.
HA HA HA HA HAHAHAAHAH
HA HA HA HAH AHA HAHAAHAH...

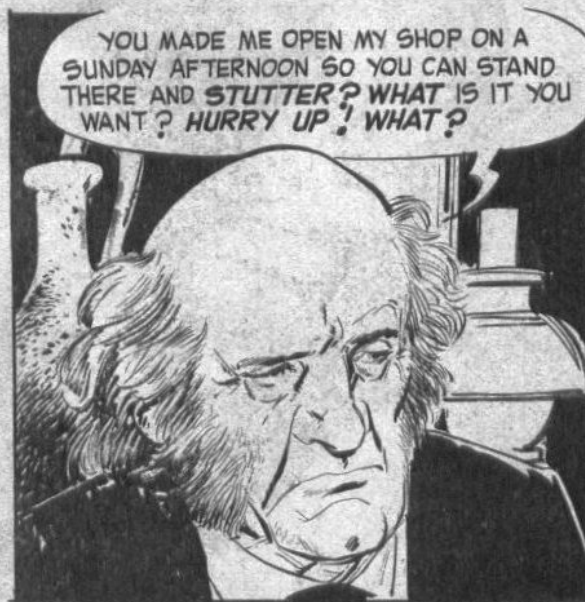
...A SINGULAR UNCERTAIN CHOICE
EXPERIENCE **FEW** MEN OF LUNATIC
LOGIC WOULD DARE... HEH HEH...
DARE EXPLAIN... WHICH PERHAPS
EXPLAINS WHY... TEE HEE...

...WHY WE CALL THIS
LAUGHING, LEERING, LURKING
NOXIOUS **NIGHTMARE** NUMBER
THE... HEE HEE HEE...
THE LUNATIC ISSUE

...HEH HEH... FOR EVERYTHING
WITHIN IS SURELY, UTTERLY,
DEFINATELY, TERRIBLY...
JUST THAT!
HEH HEH TEE HEE

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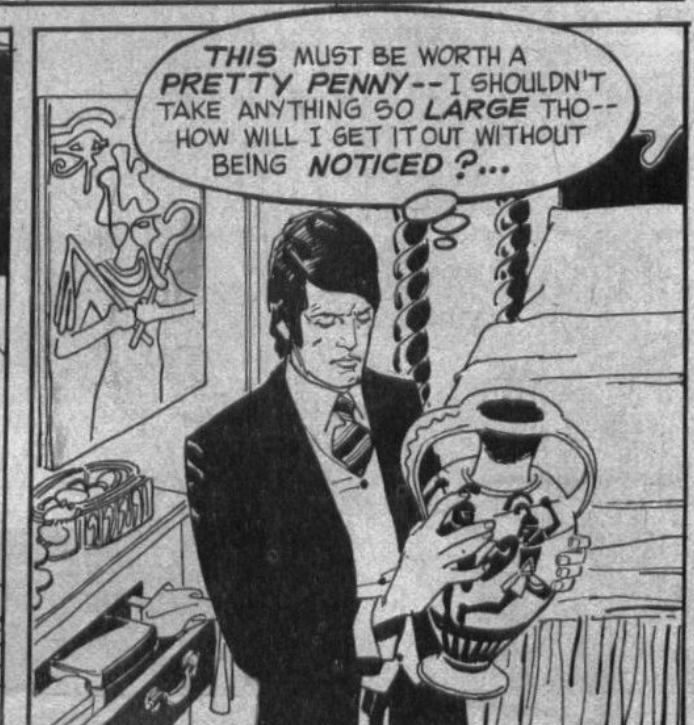
FABLO
MARCOS



TO TELL A TALE OF **PATHOLOGICAL TERROR** ONE
MUST HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON HIS **SEAT...** AND AN EVEN
STRONGER HOLD ON HIS **MIND...** FOR THIS IS A **GOTHIC**
CLASSIC THAT HAS BEEN **BLOWING MINDS** FOR OVER A
CENTURY-- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S--

MARKHEM





FIRST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE MIND...

THAT NOISE--
FROM BELOW!

...THE CORPSE...
CAN IT BE... IS
HE STILL
ALIVE?...

THEN A DEFINITE TUG AT THE HEART...

THAT
SCRAPING
SOUND...MY
GOD... IT
MUST BE HIM
... I DIDN'T
KILL HIM...
HE'S STILL
ALIVE...

AND THE PUPPET STRINGS
ARE IN MOTION...

... DEAR
GOD...

HAHAHAHAHAHA... YOU FEEL IT NOW... FEEL
THE STRING JERKING AND PULLING...

NO... NO... I DIDN'T
MEAN TO... KILL YOU--
I MEAN YOU... I HAD NOTHING
AGAINST YOU... I NEEDED
THE MONEY... IT COULD HAVE
BEEN ANYONE... ANYONE!

NOW THE STRING FOR SWEAT IS PULLED AND
AN AVALANCHE POURS DOWN YOUR FACE...

... AND ANOTHER
LITTLE TUG AND...

... WHAT?...

IT'S GONE---
WHAT CAN--- MY
IMAGINATION--IT
WAS JUST RUNNING
WILD--I FEEL SO
GUILTY... FEAR
INSIDE ME... THAT'S
ALL--IMAGINATION...

MY
GOD-- DEAR
GOD-- NO
NO-- JESUS
PLEASE--
PLEASE
NO...

... TUG...TUG...TUG...

... MY GOD--
I STILL HEAR HIS
HEART--

IT'S EXPLODING
IN MY BRAIN--OH
DEAR LUCIFER
PLEASE SAVE
ME...SAVE
ME...

... IT'S THE DOOR--
PUPPET...THE DOOR...

IT'S NOT HIS
HEART-- IT'S
THE DOOR--THE
FRONT DOOR--
I'M DISCOVERED!

THUMPA
THUMPA
THUMPA
THUMMMMPA
THUMMMMPA
BAAAMMMMG
BRAAAMMMMPA

NOW THE STRINGS
SNARL AND TWIST UP IN
A KNOT...AND YOU'RE
THE KNOT...

MY GOD...
NO...

GO TO THEM MARKHEIM...
YOU'VE NO ALTERNATIVE!

PLEASE
NO...NO...

DOES IT HURT MARKHEIM... NOW THE
STRING'S AROUND YOUR NECK AND
STRETCHING...

NO...
NO...NO...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
MARKHEIM--FOR MURDER.COME
ALONG NOW...COME ALONG...

WHUUUUUPPP!
WHUUUUUPPP!

ARE YOU ABOUT READY
TO CRY... JUST ABOUT
READY TO GET DOWN ON
YOUR KNEES....

YOU HEAR IT...AGAIN...THUMMMMPA
THUMMMMPA THUMMMMPA...IN YOUR
EARS... YOU HEAR IT...

... KILL HIM AGAIN...AGAIN...

... GONE...

THE OLD
MAN--HE'S STILL
ALIVE--HE'S
STRUGGLING TO LIVE
AGAIN--I'VE GOT
TO STOP HIM--HE
CAN RUIN ME--
RUIN ME...

OOOOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...

OH DEAR
GOD...

YOU ARE A NEW
DISCIPLE...AS
A NEW DISCIPLE YOU
DESERVE A LITTLE
HELP!

...TURN TO MEET YOUR MASTER,
MARKHEIM... THE PUPPET MASTER...

IT'S IN MY MIND
... TWISTING...
TURNING ME AROUND
...I CAN'T TAKE
IT... CAN'T
TAKE IT...

RUBBISH!

...WHAT...

WHO ARE
YOU...

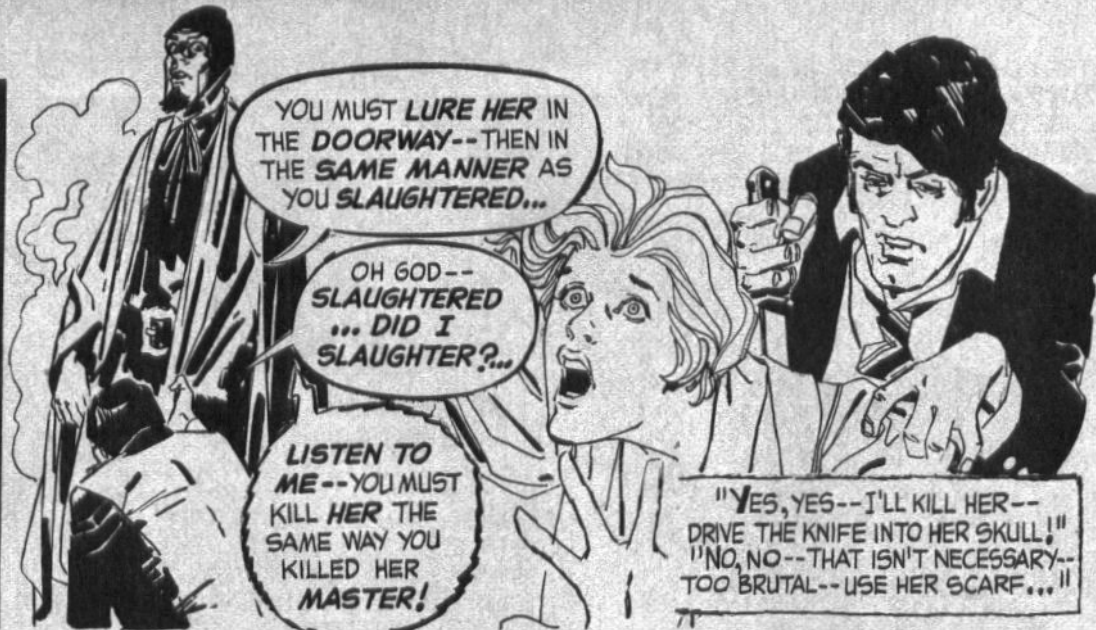
IRRELEVANT!
NOW MUSTER
YOUR STRENGTH
AND I'LL HELP
YOU OUT OF THIS
PREDICAMENT...

BUT...
BUT
WHY?



NOW LISTEN TO ME--
THE OLD SHOPKEEPER'S
MAID WILL BE RETURNING
IN A FEW MINUTES...IF
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE
CAUGHT YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU HAVE TO DO?

DO? YES--
I KNOW--
WHAT?



YOU MUST LURE HER IN
THE DOORWAY--THEN IN
THE SAME MANNER AS
YOU SLAUGHTERED...

OH GOD--
SLAUGHTERED
... DID I
SLAUGHTER?...

LISTEN TO
ME--YOU MUST
KILL HER THE
SAME WAY YOU
KILLED HER
MASTER!

"YES, YES--I'LL KILL HER--
DRIVE THE KNIFE INTO HER SKULL!"
"NO, NO--THAT ISN'T NECESSARY--
TOO BRUTAL--USE HER SCARF..."



"YES--HER SCARF--
QUICKLY--SILENTLY
--NO BLOOD..."
"EXCELLENT MY
BOY! NOW-- TO
YOUR TASK!"



I HAVE ONLY
ONE CHANCE...
JUST ONE...



WHY DOESN'T
SHE COME--
WHY?-- WHY?



MY GOD--HERE
SHE IS--THAT'S
HER--OH MY
GOD--WHAT
DO I DO?



YOU CONFRONT
THE MAID UPON
THE THRESHOLD.

YOU HAD
BETTER GO FOR
THE POLICE--
I HAVE KILLED
YOUR MASTER!

AND THEN...SNIP SNIP...
THE STRINGS ARE CUT!

THE FIRST SELECTION IN A BRAND NEW
SKYWALD FEATURE WHERE **YOU**
ARE THE **WRITER...YOU** ARE THE
DREAMER... AS WE TELL THE STORY
OF YOUR... **NIGHTMARE WORLD!**

IT IS A BRISK FEBRUARY
MORNING, HARSH WHITE SNOW
DRIFTS **AIMLESSLY** AGAINST THE
HUNTING SHACK, WITHIN WHICH JIM SITS
ALONE CURLED UP BESIDE A ROARING
HEARTH, READING HIS LATEST ISSUES OF
NIGHTMARE AND **PSYCHO**. HE'D HAD THE
FORESIGHT TO BRING READING MATERIAL WITH
HIM TO PASS THE **TIME**-- THERE COULD BE NO
HUNTING **THIS** MORNING-- NOT WITH BITING
NORTHERN MINNESOTA WINDS OUTSIDE-- BLOWING,
TWISTING THE SNARLING SNOW IN THE FIRST
EVIL **STORM** OF THE YEAR! JIM **READS**, HIS
ACTIVE MIND FLICKERING IN SATISFACTION AS
EACH TALE FINISHES! HE **DOZES OFF**, HIS
MIND **STILL** FLICKERING, **STILL** ACTIVE...
AND HE DREAMS...

CALL THEM GHOULS...
TROLLS...CALL THEM...
THINGS...

THE NIGHTMARE WORLD
OF **JAMES EDGAR**
OF JACKSON MISSOURI.
AS TOLD TO
HEWETSON AND MARCOS

PABLO
MARCOS



"SUDDENLY I WAS **WAKENED** BY A
LOUD CLATTERING FROM OUTSIDE..."

"I RUSHED OUT INTO THE STORM
TO SEE WHAT WAS CAUSING THE
COMMOTION, THE **LAUGHTER**
AND **SONG** THAT CUT THROUGH
THE **WIND**..."

"THE MERRIMENT WAS COMING
FROM A LITTLE **CLEARING**
ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS
AWAY FROM THE HUNTING
SHACK..."



"I CRIED ALOUD AT THE SIGHT BEFORE ME... 4 OR 5
GHOULS... TROLLS... CALL THEM **THINGS**... **WHATEVER**...
WERE HAVING SOME KIND OF MAD **PARTY** WITH
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAT LOOKED MUCH LIKE...
AMAZONS..."

--- MY
GOD---

"AS SOON AS THEY SAW ME THEY
STOPPED AND RAN TOWARDS ME...
WITHOUT A **WORD** THEY PICKED
ME UP **BODILY** AND **THREW ME**...
AGAINST A **TREE**, NOT ONLY **ONCE**.
COUNTLESS TIMES..."



WE HOPE
YOU ENJOYED
YOUR **INITIATION**
INTO OUR **GROUP**
AS MUCH AS WE DID!
NOW-- COME JOIN
IN OUR
PARTY...

BUT IT'S
SO **COLD**--
I'M FREEZING TO
DEATH-- COME
INSIDE THE **SHACK**
WITH ME WHERE
IT'S **WARM**--
WE CAN HAVE A
PARTY THERE...



"WHEN THEY ENTERED MY SHACK THEY SEEMED TO **DOUBLE** IN NUMBER... VERY QUICKLY THE SINGLE ROOM BECAME FAR TOO **SMALL** TO HOLD EVERYBODY..."

"AS IF MATTERS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH... THEY SEEMED TO **GROW** BY THE MINUTE... THEY WERE ALL GETTING LARGER AND LARGER..."

"THEN IT STRUCK ME... IT WASN'T THEM... IT WAS **ME**... I WAS GETTING **SMALLER**..."

"IT SOON BECAME TOO MUCH FOR THE WALLS OF MY TINY CABIN TO **HANDLE**... THEY LURCHED AND HEAVED AS IF THEY WERE ABOUT TO **BURST OPEN**..."

"SUDDENLY THEY **DID**... THE THINGS **VANISHED**... I WAS SURROUNDED BY THE ENGULFING **STORM** AGAIN... THE COLD WAS **HORRIBLE**... THE COLD WAS **UNIMAGINABLE**..."

"I WOKE UP WITH A HORRID **JOLT**... IT HAD ALL BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A **DREAM... A GROTESQUE NIGHTMARE**... THE **DOOR** OF THE CABIN HAD BLOWN **OPEN** WITH THE FEROCITY OF THE **STORM** ... BUT I WAS THANKFUL FOR THE **COLD**... IT BROUGHT ME QUICKLY **BACK TO REALITY**..."

... SO ENDS THE DREAM OF **JIM EDGAR**! JIM WROTE TO US THAT **SAME DAY** TELLING US THE DETAILS OF HIS NIGHTMARE AND HOPING YOU SKYWALD READERS WOULD FIND IT AS INTERESTING AS HE DID!

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM **YOU**... WE'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT **YOUR** WEIRDEST, WILDEST **DREAMS**! JUST AS WE'VE DONE WITH **THIS** NIGHTMARE WE'LL PRINT THE **BEST** DREAM IN **STORY FORM** EVERY ISSUE... AND **DON'T FORGET** TO SEND US ALONG YOUR **PICTURE** TOO!

WE'LL **ALSO** PUBLISH THE BEST **'AMATEUR ANALYSIS'** OF EACH NIGHTMARE... SO IF YOUR INTERESTS LIE IN WHAT NIGHTMARE'S **REALLY MEAN** THEN DROP US YOUR INTERPRETATION IN THE MAIL... NO LONGER THAN **TWO PARAGRAPHS** PLEASE.

SEND ALL YOUR LETTERS TO:

SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP.
18 EAST 41 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'



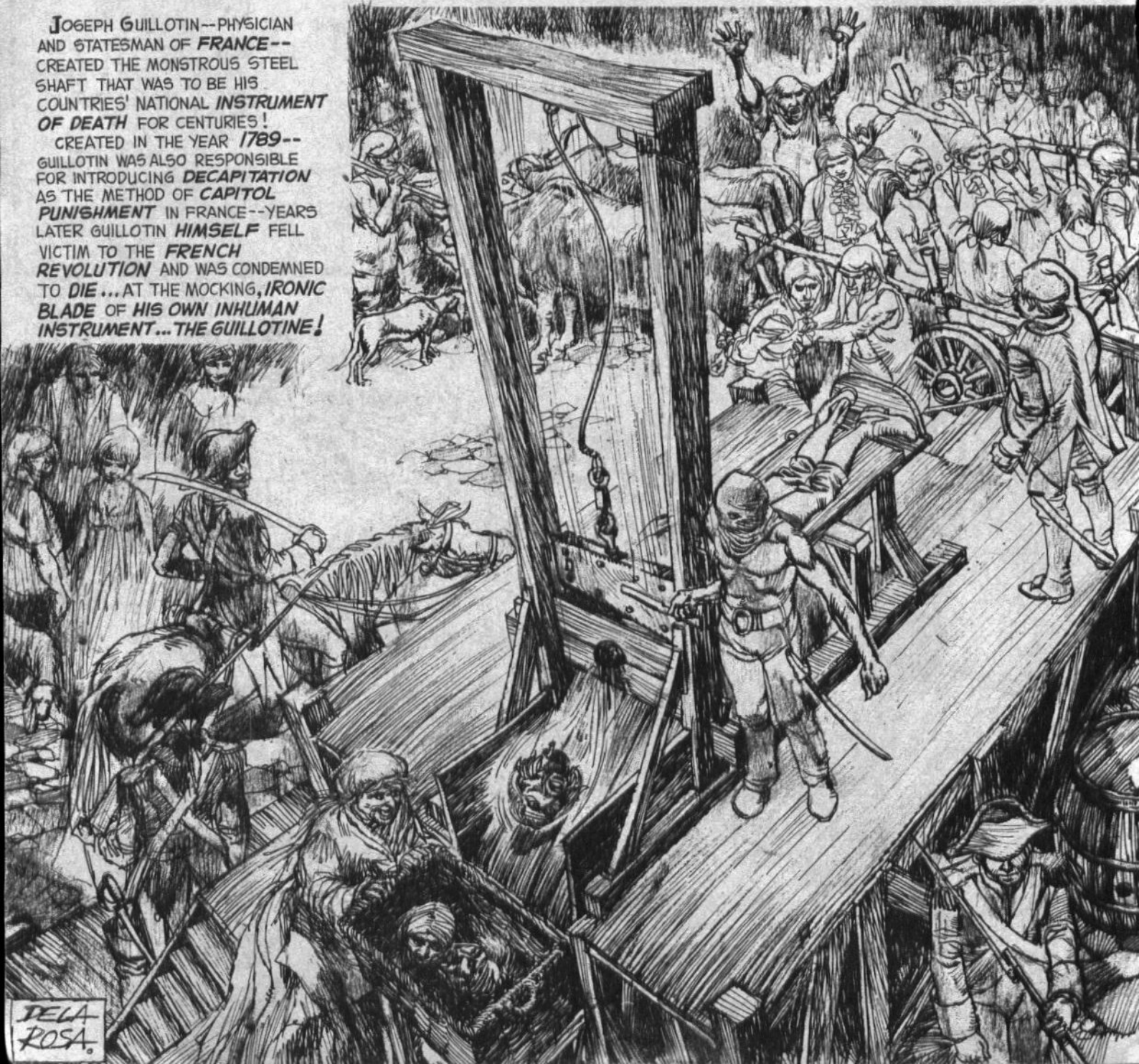
HEWETSON AND DELA ROSA

THE GUILLOTINE

... CREATION OF DR. JOSEPH GUILLOTIN.

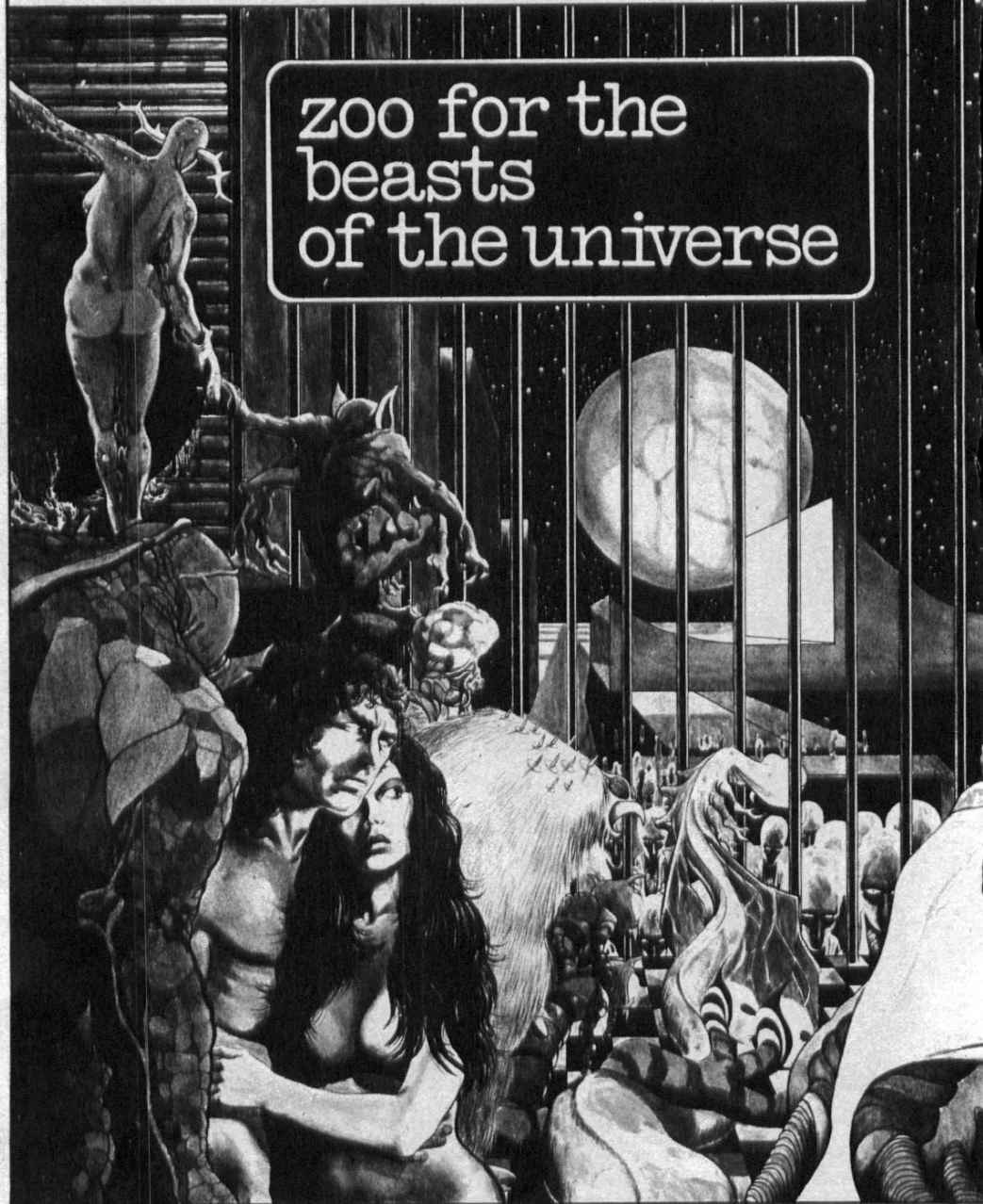
JOSEPH GUILLOTIN--PHYSICIAN AND STATESMAN OF **FRANCE**--CREATED THE MONSTROUS STEEL SHAFT THAT WAS TO BE HIS COUNTRY'S NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF DEATH FOR CENTURIES!

CREATED IN THE YEAR 1789--GUILLOTIN WAS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR INTRODUCING **DECAPITATION** AS THE METHOD OF **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT** IN FRANCE--YEARS LATER GUILLOTIN **HIMSELF** FELL VICTIM TO THE **FRENCH REVOLUTION** AND WAS CONDEMNED TO **DIE**...AT THE MOCKING, IRONIC BLADE OF HIS OWN INHUMAN INSTRUMENT...THE GUILLOTINE!

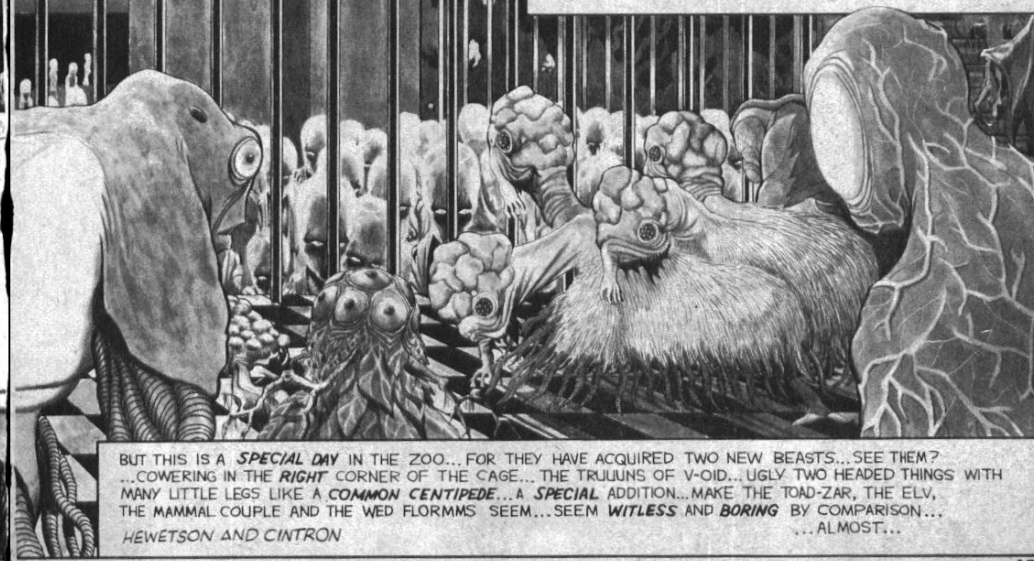


IN THE FOREIGN PLACE *OTHERS* CALL EARTH, AND HOME, MANY TIMES AND DISTANCES FROM NOW AND HERE, THERE IS A *ZOO*... IT IS ONLY ONE OF MANY IN THIS PLACE, BUT A *SPECIAL* ATTRACTION FOR THE CITIZENS OF FELDAL CITY... FOR THEREIN IS A *COLLECTION*...

zoo for the beasts of the universe



...IT IS A *PROUD COLLECTION* THIS... FOR INTER-SPACE HUNTERS HAVE TAKEN *YEARS* TO GATHER THESE BIZARRE *SAMPLINGS* FROM ALL THE PLANETS... THE TOAD-ZAR FROM *EM*...THE MANY-ARMED ELV OF THE *FOREST PLANET*... THE FLECKED REPTILES OF *MOR*--THE WED FLORMMS OF *ANTATY*--THE MAMMAL COUPLE OF *WORLD*... THEY ARE *ALL* IN THIS ZOO...COLLECTED FROM THE UNIVERSE FOR THE PLEASURE AND BIOLOGICAL REFERENCE OF ANYONE WITH A TOB IN HIS POCKET FOR *ADMISSION*...



BUT THIS IS A *SPECIAL DAY* IN THE ZOO...FOR THEY HAVE ACQUIRED TWO NEW BEASTS...SEE THEM? ...COWERING IN THE *RIGHT* CORNER OF THE CAGE...THE TRUJUNS OF V-OID...UGLY TWO HEADED THINGS' WITH MANY LITTLE LEGS LIKE A *COMMON CENTIPEDE*...A *SPECIAL* ADDITION...MAKE THE TOAD-ZAR, THE ELV, THE MAMMAL COUPLE AND THE WED FLORMMS SEEM...SEEM *WITLESS* AND *BORING* BY COMPARISON...
...ALMOST...

HEWETSON AND CINTRON

Lunatic Letters and Noxious Nightmare News Designed to Seep into Your Shock-wrought Weird Brain...

The most enjoyable moment in the NIGHTMARE offices is the time of day we open your letters... we don't care what you say, how you say it, or even WHY... when we read your tear-taught tomes we're getting into your minds, finding out what you think and want... in this issue you may notice a 'new look' about certain regular departments and pages... this is the result of YOUR comments and suggestions... YOUR boggling imaginations! There will be many MORE changes in format and presentation in the next few issues... all leading towards the ultimate in unprecedented horror-graphic stories, thru the archaic, abstract, apostate, agitated, absurd, abrupt, adroit, living...

HORROR-MOOD



YOU WATCH--LISTEN--
HE GATHERS THE REMAINS
AND PACKS THEM INTO A
HORRID BUNDLE--THEN
WITH HIS RAZOR SHARP
KUKRI DEFILES WHAT IS
LEFT OF THE BOY'S REMAINS
--HE DRIVES THE SULLEN
STEEL SHAFT INTO THE
BLOODY HEAP AND YOU
GASP--GASP FOR AIR--
FOR WHAT YOU AND
YOUR COMPANIONS
HAVE WITNESSED HAS
BEEN BRUTAL--SENSELESS
--EVIL!

...let it creep into you...
bend and warp and twist and
contort... let it rubble the
brain-pebbles... fall into your
gaping, grinding gut -- let it
CRAWL and SLITHER into
your slime-mind... let it
BLEED, collapse you, estab-
lish your MOOD, complement
your fable fraught fantasy
world...

... The Macabra Corporation is
KAKK KAKKK KAKKK-
INKKK on its 1923 beautiful,
black, custom-bought, mania-
cal, massive type-machine all
night long, hour after dark
hour... and when the bats
retire come morn we keep on
pounding those keys cause we
aren't finished...

... not by a LITHE LONG-
SHOT...

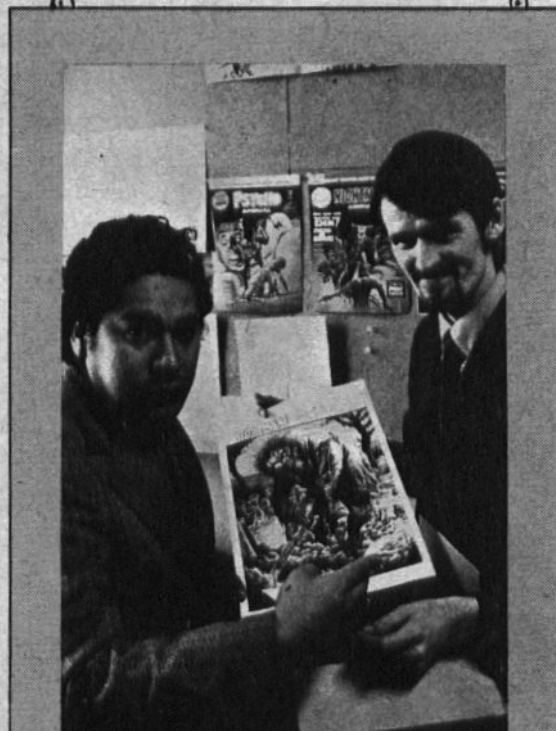
Drowning DENNIS FUJITAKE tells us he's near completion on 'THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT', scripted by HEWETSON and paranormally penned and inked by the brain-bending Hawaiian islander in the traditional frightening FUJITAKE manner... cross checking our oft-crossed files we find contest winner (of the brilliant BILL EVERETT artwork) LEE GROEBNER has written in to comment on the fearful FUJITAKE'S powerful 'ARTIFACTS' in NIGHTMARE #7... 'the art was magnificent... and overall a fine piece of workmanship... get more of his work'... friend LEE, we love DENNIS as much as is considered editorially etiquette and the mail on his craftsmanship indicates he's right up there on top of the fan lists... we're proud to announce many new works will be winging their way in from the islands soon!...

... remember the weird ending to 'BLIND FATE' by emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY in the PSYCHO ANNUAL? The last panel of eccentric ED's tale (page 40) contains a bunch of DOTS which many of you rightfully reasoned was BRAILLE... anybody needing to know what the fatal last uncommunicated thoughts of the nameless blind sage were, are awfully entitled to know the translation: '... AND REPRODUCING THEM IN THE DRESS OF A FUTURE AGE!!!'... check it out, if you will, that's the weird way it was...

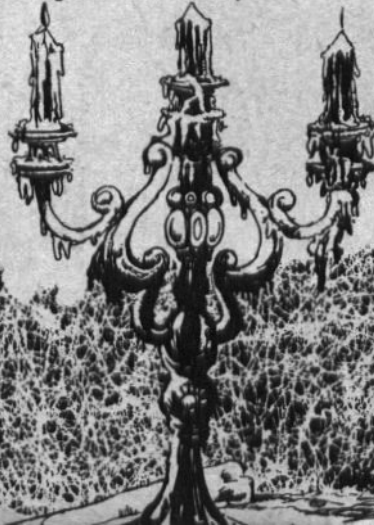
... and while on the matter of that same issue, the PSYCHO ANNUAL, many of you might have noticed the HEAP tale of the ultimate-unusual was not part of the regular continued story-line! Actually it WAS, somebody just forgot to tell the HEAP,

whose stumblings into archaic-adventure-worlds continues in the upcoming PSYCHO #10. (HEAP missed PSYCHO #8-9, due to paranoid PABLO MARCOS being out of the country for a few weeks... he was on the SUN doing art-research for a story he's diagnostically drawing about the MOON... which just shows to go you how WAY-OUT psychotic PABLO can get sometimes!) The HEAP will continue to be featured in all future PSYCHO issues...

... HELP! will anybody with a solution to this heart-rendering problem please drop us a line or two: Seems our own bizarre business-manager homiletic HERSCHEL WALDMEN's new wife CELIA wakes up in the middle of the night to hear her husband HERSCHEL screaming: 'THE STAKE... UGHHH... IT'S KILLING ME... PULL IT OUT OF MY HEART!'... which is a problem we wouldn't wish on ANY sweet new-wedded woman...



THIS IS THE WEIRD WAY IT LOOKED THE DAY, SOMETIME AGO, WHEN PARANOID PABLO MARCOS AND ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON MADE THE BIG CONTEST DRAW FOR THE BRILLIANT BILL EVERETT ARTWORK: WON (FROM UNCOUNTABLE THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES) BY LEE GROEBNER OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA... FOR A RATHER DIFFERENT LOOK AT HOW THE DREADFUL DRAWING ACTUALLY HAPPENED THAT DAY, CHECK OUT THE INSIDE BACK COVER OF THE NIGHTMARE ANNUAL. NOW ON SALE



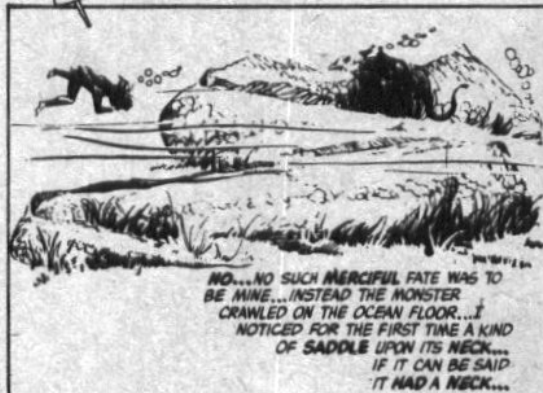
Dying DOUG MOENCH, at time of this writing, is tearing out his hair to produce HIT AND RUN, MISS AND DIE' ... a leering look at his native Chicago in the days when the rackets took a backseat ride as HORROR took the wheel ... took it and ATE IT! ... Maniacal manuscripts are pouring in to the NIGHTMARE offices as a result of the FANTASIA column in NIGHTMARE #7 ... AUGUSTINE FUNNELL of Brighton, Ontario sent us in 'THE STONE', while we re-

ceived some fine art samples from RONN SUTTON and 'THE SURVIVAL' by JOSEPH CABRERA of Chicago, Illinois. From CHRIS LASKY of Lebanon, New Jersey we drooled over an excellent rare still of BORIS KARLOFF being made-up as the immortal FRANKENSTEIN, and from RON FORTIER of Somersworth, New Hampshire, an excellent script he (and co-scripters DAVID and NANCY McKNIGHT) call 'THE RETRIEVER'. MANFRED

GREIFFENSTEIN of Detroit, Michigan penned two tales for us all: 'AN EYE FOR AN EYE' and 'AT BAY'; and BRYAN UHLENBROOK of Richmond, California produced 'BOUNTY HUNTER' and 'DEFILER OF THE TOMB'. JOE LETS of Lansing, Michigan penned 'THE MIND TRIGGER' while 'THE RIDERS' and 'HANDS OF DEATH' came in from Genesco, New York by JAMES CRAWFORD; and 'THREE OF A KIND' arrived from Cordele, Georgia -

powerfully put-all-together by WAYNE FOSKEY. Yes indeed, we received many hundreds of pieces, each and every one of which is being carefully considered for publication ... we'll let you know what we select and where and when they'll appear ... in the meantime let us say we're encouraged by your response and look forward as much as you do to seeing your material in print ... Many fans have sent in their ratings on each issue as it appears - thanks, therefore (for their assistance in planning future issues) goes out to JIM BOGEN of St. Paul, Minnesota; BRIAN EARL BROWN of Manchester College, Indiana; LUBMILLA ONISCHEWSKI of Hyde Park, Massachusetts; and DAVE COOPER, PATTY LACEY, JEFF ANDERSON, ROGER MCKENZIE, WALTER JASCHEK, JOHN CARDONA, RICHARD STOOKER, CHUCK HACKNEY, GREG KOVACS, ERIC SEARLEMAN, and especially to JUAN BORRAS of Miami, Florida who unfailingly sends us in welcome comments on every single issue of our crippled couplet of horror titles ...

ON HIS LAST DAY AS EDITOR/CO-PUBLISHER OF THE SKYWALD CORPORATION, SOL BRODSKY GRINNED WIDELY, PROPPED HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK, AND LEANED BACK IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAIR HE HAD OCCUPIED THESE LAST FEW YEARS. IT WAS A WELL-EARNED REST FOR SOL, WHO WE'VE NEVER KNOWN TO RELAX BEFORE ... ALWAYS ENERGETIC, BUSTLING MR. S.B. IS NOW GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HIS NEW AND EXCITING POSITION WITH THE NON-RIVAL MARVEL COMICS GROUP ... WHERE WE WISH HIM THE VERY VERY BEST ...



NO...NO SUCH MERCIFUL FATE WAS TO BE MINE...INSTEAD THE MONSTER CRAWLED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR...I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME A KIND OF SADDLE UPON ITS NECK... IF IT CAN BE SAID IT HAD A NECK...

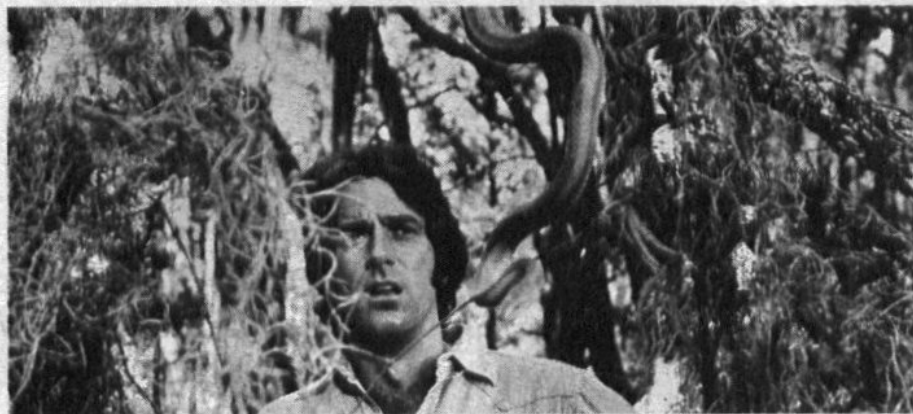
AND YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY STEVEN NEVER SMILED... SMILE FOR MY HUSBAND, STEVEN - SHOW HIM YOUR STRONG WHITE TEETH. YOU WERE LUCKY YOU CHOSE TO HUNT WITH THE BOW, DARLING GENE--THE ARROW SERVED AS A PERFECT WOODEN STAKE...



...BUT YOUR FATAL MISTAKE WAS BURYING YOUR WIFE ALIVE... FACING ME... WHERE SHE COULD WITHDRAW YOUR ARROW STAKE AND RETURN ME TO LIVING DEATH... AND IN A POSITION WHERE I COULD ADMINISTER ONE FINAL KISS TO HER

... and finally ... thanks to fear-fanatic ROYVABKLKE HOWDYSLLIVAK (or something like that; your signature is kinda hard to read fellah), for his kind comments about some character called VAMPIRELLA ... rest assured ROYVABKLKE, your letter has been forwarded to the proper place ... WRARBLENN PUBLICATIONS ... it's been a real-rap people; the HORROR-MOOD is on its way ...

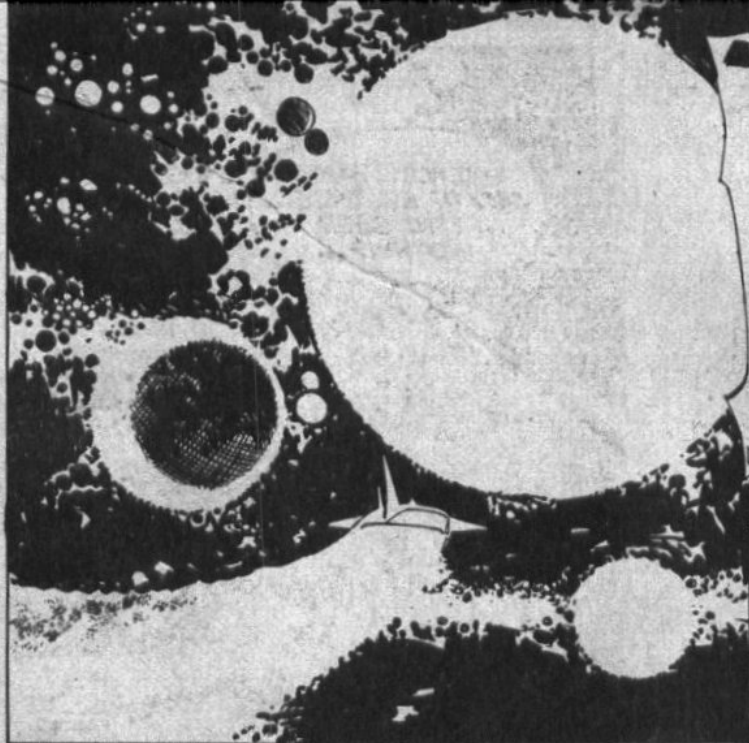
r.i.p.



NIGHTMARE MOVIE REVIEW

WILL SURELY
IMplode YOUR BRAIN
AS WE PREVIEW...





THERE WAS A TIME ON THIS EARTH, BEFORE HUMAN-MAN WALKED ITS SURFACE - MEN SUCH AS **US**, UPRIGHT, **CIVILIZED MEN** - WHEN **CRAWLING THINGS** ANCIENT EVEN IN THEIR OWN TIME RULED AND DOMINATED THIS **GREY EARTH**. AS TESTIMONY TO THEIR EXISTENCE THE FOUL PLACE CALLED **THE NAMELESS CITY** NEAR THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN **ANTARCTICA** HAS BEEN VISITED BY MEN IN **OUR OWN AGE**, AND EVEN SO, IT IS WELL **RECORDED** IN THE DISGUSTING RECORDS OF THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED, CALLED **THE NECRONOMICON** - A HORRIBLE CHRONICLE DETAILING BLACK EVENTS BEFORE HUMAN - BEINGS **CAME TO BE**.



THERE WAS A TIME IN THAT ETERNITY AGO WHEN A **TRIBE** FROM THE PLANET **URANUS** CAME TO **COLONIZE EARTH**. THESE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNSURPRISINGLY, WERE MUCH THE SAME MANNER OF HUMAN - CREATURE AS **WE ARE TODAY...** AND FOR THEM TO MEET THE SUB - CIVILIZED **SHOGGOTHS** WAS A **TRIAL** THEY WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR IN THIS VIRGIN SETTLEMENT, NEAR WHAT WE NOW CALL THE **BLACK FOREST** IN **SOUTHERN GERMANY**. IN **THIS TIME** IT WENT BY **ANOTHER NAME...** WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH!



Hewetson and Zesar



IT IS GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM OUR ROTTING DYING **URANUS...** THIS LAND IS SO **FERTILE...** ...**UNTOUCHED!**

YES... SO I **THOUGHT...** UNTIL THIS MORNING... WHEN I FOUND **EVIDENCE** THAT... ...THAT WE ARE **NOT ALONE ON THIS EARTH!**

...CONTINUING THE LOVECRAFT **CHULHU MYTHOS**



NOT ALONE!

...REED...WHAT DO YOU MEAN...THIS PLANET WAS MONITORED FOR OVER A YEAR BEFORE COLONIZATION PLANS WERE TAKEN SERIOUSLY...

THERE WAS NO INDICATION OF ANY LIFE AT ALL...

EVEN SO CELIA...

...I FOUND EVIDENCE.



EVIDENCE...WHAT KIND OF EVIDENCE... I'VE SEEN NOTHING...

I WAS WONDERING IN THE FOREST TODAY...I FOUND STRANGE CUTTING-TOOLS... HERE...I HAVE ONE WITH ME...

...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME THIS WASN'T CREATED BY A MIND THAT CAN THINK...

... AS WELL AS OURS!



ROSALIE IS GONE...

...MY WIFE... MY WIFE IS VANISHED!

I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHERE... MY GOD HOW WOULD I KNOW?...

...I THOUGHT SHE WAS MINDING OUR CHILD... BUT WHEN I WENT TO SEE HER SHE WAS GONE...

HOLD ON THERE JIM ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S ... GONE... HOW?... WHERE ?

SHE WOULDN'T DO IT UNLESS SOMETHING WAS WRONG... SHE'S IN DANGER SOMEHOW...



SHE MAY JUST BE AT THE WELL...

AND THEN AGAIN REED ... IF WHAT YOU FOUND TODAY WAS AS MEANINGFUL AS YOU THINK IT IS... SHE MAY NOT!



SHE'S NOT HERE... MY GOD... SHE'S GONE!

GET ALL THE MEN TOGETHER REED --- WE'LL ORGANIZE A SEARCH PARTY...



OH GOD...
...IS... IS
THAT HER?

OUR WEDDING
CHAIN... AROUND
HER NECK... IT
MUST BE HER...

MY ROSALIE...WHAT
HAVE THEY DONE
TO YOU?

... WHAT
WRETCHED
THINGS CAN DO
SUCH A THING TO
MY BEAUTIFUL
WIFE...

... SWEET... GOD...
ALMIGHTY... DEAR
ROSALIE... YOU'VE
BEEN EATEN
ALIVE!

WHATEVER UNKNOWN SPAWN CAN ADMIT FOUL
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ATROCITY COULD HARDLY KNOW
THAT THESE **TORMENTED BEINGS** THAT NOW ACT AS
PALLBEARERS TO THE SAD REMAINS OF THEIR **BELOVED...**
ARE **MEN... AND WOMEN...** WITH MINDS THAT CAN
REASON OUT A DEFINITION FOR **HUMANITY...**
... NOMATTER HOW **CRUDE OR SIMPLISTIC THAT**
DEFINITION IS... IT IS DECIDEDLY MUCH MORE **REDEEMING**
THAT THE SOUL-GUTTED **BRAND OF HUMANITY** OF
THE **MURDERERS...**



WE MUST **HUNT**
THEM OUT... THE
THINGS THAT DID THIS TO
MY WIFE... WE MUST
HUNT THEM AND
KILL THEM...

NO... WE MUST THINK
THIS OUT **FIRST...** WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE'RE **UP AGAINST...**



HOW CAN YOU
SAY THAT? HOW
CAN YOU EVEN
THINK
THAT... FOR ONE
SECOND...

... MY WIFE...
THEY'VE
EATEN MY
WIFE... **GOD,**
MAN... WHERE IS
YOUR SENSE OF
REASON
GONE...

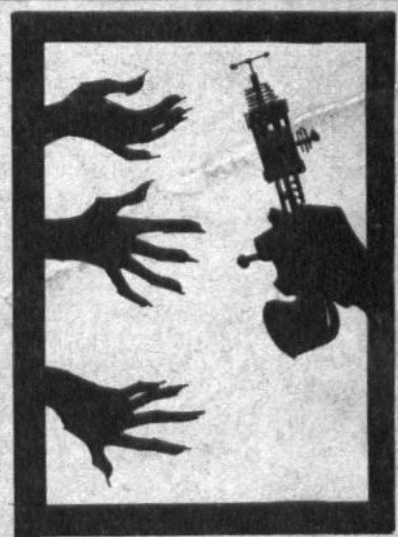
... THEY
MUST BE
HUNTED OUT...
KILLED EVEN
AS THE
CANNIBALS HAVE
KILLED MY
WIFE...

JIM IS
RIGHT... OF
COURSE HE'S
RIGHT...

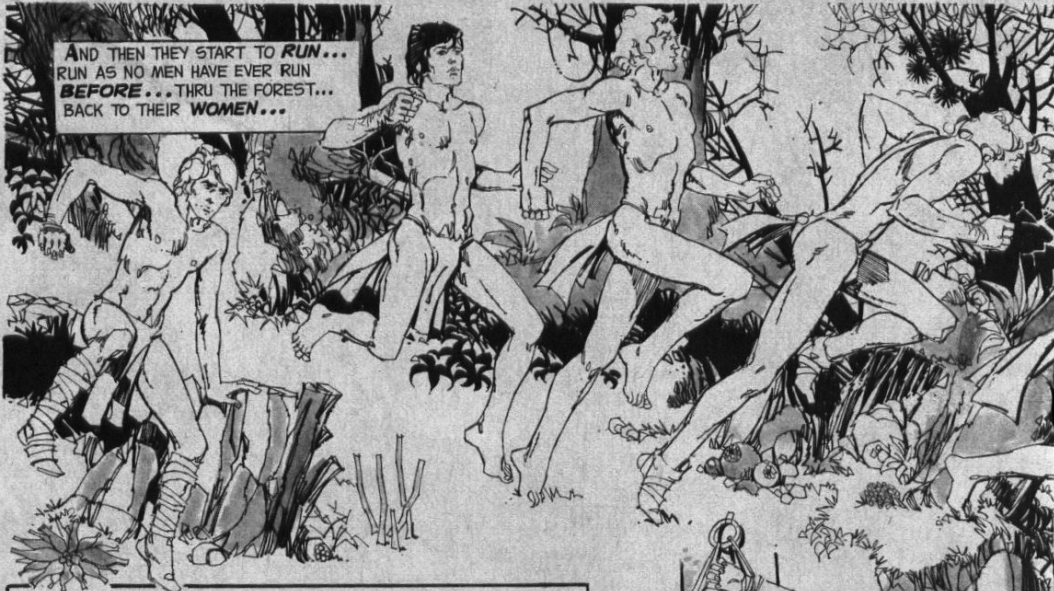
... WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
WE'RE **UP**
AGAINST...
BUT WE'VE
GOT TO TRACK
THEM DOWN...
BEFORE...



REED... HE'S
GONE... OUR CHILD
HAS GONE... HE
MUST HAVE
WANDERED OFF...



AND THEN THEY START TO RUN...
 RUN AS NO MEN HAVE EVER RUN
BEFORE... THRU THE FOREST...
 BACK TO THEIR **WOMEN...**



WHAT ARE **THEY**? THEY ARE **THE SPAWN OF CTHULU...**
THE ANCIENT ONES... WHO HAVE MINDS THAT CAN REASON...
 AND **ACT...** BUT UNLIKE THE MINDS OF **MEN** THEY NEED NO
 CONSCIENCE OR JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR ACTIONS...NO MORALITY...
 ALHAZRED HAS **TOLD US...** OF THIS OBSCENE **SKULL**
FOREST WHERE THEY ONCE HAD A VILLAGE CALLED **LUMU-THAT**
 ...AND OF THE ANCIENT ONES' **PETS...** THE APES AND MONKEYS
 FROM WHICH MAN WAS FINALLY **BRED...**

...AND OF THESE SHOGGOTHS THE VILE **NECRONOMICON** ALSO
 TELLS US THAT THEY KNOW ONLY **DEPRAVITY...** THAT THEIR HEARTS
 OF **PRIMAL JELLY** KNOW ONLY **KILLING AND MAIMING** AND
 THAT THEIR **STOMACHS** ARE FOREVER **YAWNING FOR FOOD...**



... AND THAT THEY HAVE **MEASURABLE**
STRENGTH IN BATTLE...



SAVE YOURSELVES...
 NEVER MIND ME...

...SAVE
 YOURSELVES...

MY EYES...
 TEARING OUT MY
 EYES...



WHEN BRAVE MEN
FIGHT TO SAVE
THEIR **WOMEN**
AND **CHILDREN**...
AND THEIR **OWN**
LIVES...THEY SAY
NOTHING...
... THEY ONLY
SHRIEK...



WHEN THEY DIE THEY DO SO **QUICKLY** AND
HONORABLY... AS MEN **DO** FROM TIME TO TIME...
BUT WITHOUT A **WORD**...
... FOR TO SPEAK TO THE ORIGINAL, THE ETERNAL, **THE**
UNDYING... IS TO SPEAK TO THE WIND AND RAIN...
AND EVEN SO... THERE IS A BETTER CHANCE OF THE
WIND AND THE RAIN **HEARING**... THAN THESE MOTTLED
SHOGGOths WHOSE LIZARD-BRAINS DO NOT CARE
TO EVEN **LISTEN**...



WE GO TO FIND
THE **CHILD**...
REMEMBER THE
CHILD? THE ONE
WHO WAS **LOST**?
HE'S BEEN
FOUND...

WE LEAVE
THIS SCENE
NOW... THERE
IS **LITTLE**
POINT IN
US STAYING
TO WATCH
ONLY
DEATH...



BY THE APES AND MONKEYS OF THE
FOREST WHO PLAY **INNOCENTLY**
MIDST THE ROTTING **SKULLS** OF THE
DECAYING **HUMANS**...



... AND FOR THE **FIRST TIME** ON THIS EARTH **MAN** MEETS **MONKEY**...
... ARE YOU NOW BEGINNING TO SEE **SOMETHING** IN THIS
MEETING?

THE **ORIGIN OF MAN** HAS LONG BEEN A **QUESTION**...
IT IS SAID WE **COME FROM** MONKEYS... BUT AT ONE POINT
IN HISTORY THERE WAS A **CHANGE** IN THE MONKEY... HE
SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A **MIND** THAN COULD **REASON**...
... PERHAPS **NOW**, MAN NEED WONDER OVER **THIS MYSTERY**
NO MORE...



THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



VINCENT PRICE has always been diabolical and deadly — in this, his one hundredth film to shiver pulsing breasts and curdle the nerve pebbles, he is more creatively EVIL-AWFUL than ever... for his fearful fit of abstract reason concocts the bizarre deaths of many victims... who are slowly — ritually SLAUGHTERED... Dr. Dunwoody is found shredded to death by bloody bats; Dr. Dungreaves is given a frog's head mask at a costume party which crushes his head; Dr. Longstreet (TERRY-THOMAS) is drained of all life-blood; Nurse Allen is found in her bed, stripped fleshless by a bunch of locusts; Dr. Kitjag falls screaming to his death when he is attacked by rabid rats; Dr. Hedgepath is frozen to death by a maniacal deep freeze machination; and Dr. Whitcomb is horribly nailed to a door by the grotesque horn of a brass unicorn!

A delightful film to compliment the horror-mood; one in which Dr. Phibes, as played by veteran VINCENT PRICE, and his 'associate'... Vulnavia, portrayed by scream screen newcomer vindictive VIRGINIA NORTH, denounce the medical profession with a CURSE which promises the death of ten men, Dr. Veslarius (JOSEPH COTTON), is the tenth, and is lured to Phibes' den of gore by the kidnapping of his only son, whom he finds strapped and locked 'neath dripping acid. Price is excellently costumed and masked for most of the film, but in an unmasking scene which literally took the audience's breath in the theater where we viewed this exceptional American International production, a vile, fractured skull emerges from the Phibes' fake-face... a face gutted of any shred of sanity...

... in a film we recommend...

for, simply, it is VINCENT PRICE at his finest — and at his finest, Price is a stalwart promoter of the essential horror...





There are TWO SIDES
to DR. PHIBES
- both of them
EVIL!



An open coffin...
An empty grave...and
nine doomed
men!

VINCENT PRICE
JOSEPH COTTEN

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



also starring

HUGH GRIFFITH and **TERRY-THOMAS**

Written by JAMES WHITON and WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN • Produced by LOUIS M. HEYWARD and RONALD S. DUNAS

Executive Producers SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON Directed by ROBERT FUEST

GP ALL AGES ADMITTED
"PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED"

COLOR

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL





DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

... THE WOMAN... 'Sister Hyde' — is portrayed as the ultimate evil, the inner man who when transformed lusts after certain abominable, abnormal cravings all involving horror for the pure pleasure of horror... **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** is a film dedicated to the premise of Robert Louis Stevenson's inner-other alter-ego, and on the screen shocks the viewer into near-numbness by suggesting exactly **WHAT** freak form the alter ego might take. Jekyll's experiments with an 'elixir of life' causes his unusual-usual transformation with a weird twist — for his inner-alternative personality evolves into a tall, dark, astonishingly beautiful woman — **MARTINE BESWICK**... whose performance as Sister Hyde is the highlight of this British **HAMMER** Production released in the United States and Canada by **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**.

Miss Beswick is a wonderful murderess, slicing through a man's shoulder blade with a kitchen knife while the astonished victim ravished her stark, dark inviting lips.

RALPH BATES as Jekyll does not really enjoy our sympathy at all; as the inventor - genius of this mad potion he's portrayed as an innocent who is too weak to maintain his identity — consistently losing face in an astounding number of changes to his woman-within. Bates executed fine transformation scenes, and overall his performance was durable, exacting and, in the horror-vein exciting and complimentary to a fine screenplay by Brian Clemens directed by Roy Ward Baker. Bates we like and look forward to future productions. Miss Beswick we like, and hope to see again in equally prominent roles as a sinister woman-macabre on the horror screen, sending the blood seething through out choking, fetid horror-moods...

... for her performance as an extra-ordinary evil entity of lust makes **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** a worthwhile film to be appreciated more than once...

... we hope the double-bill of reviews featured in this issue meets with your approval... **NIGHTMARE** promises to review **ONLY** films we've seen and **ENJOYED**... the key word that is the essence of the horror-mood premise...

... and before we probably forget — why not fear-feel our **OWN** adaptation of the Jekyll and Hyde classic, currently featured in the **NIGHTMARE ANNUAL**...



This film
is filled
with...

SHOCK

...VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES HORRIBLY IN THROAT-CUTTING ORGY!

AFTER SHOCK

...UNNATURAL LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS
PERFORMED BEHIND BARRED DOORS!

AFTER SHOCK

...ONCE AGAIN
HE WILL CHANGE SEXES
AND KILL, KILL, KILL!

WARNING!
THE SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION
OF A MAN INTO A WOMAN
WILL ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE
SUGGESTED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate
for Children Under 10

in COLOR

An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

RALPH BATES MARTINE BESWICK GERALD SIM LEWIS FIANDER



THE **MEDICAL ARTS** ARE A SCIENCE OF MAN THAT YEARNS TO KNOW **MORE AND MORE**... FOR EVERY CRISP MOMENT OF **LIFE** IS PRECIOUS TO **MOST MEN** WHO AGREE THAT **MUCH** HAS YET TO BE **KNOWN**... SCIENCE IS A **SLOW PROCESS**... PERHAPS IT NEEDS A **HELPING HAND** FROM THE **MACABRE ARTS OF MAN**... AS IN...

The 3006 BIRTH DAY PARTY!

AND THEN AGAIN...PERHAPS IT **DOESN'T**...



HEWETSON AND TORRENTS



WE'LL HAVE
TO **BREAK
OFF** OUR
RELATIONSHIP
CECILLE...

BECAUSE YOUR
HUSBAND WALTER
IS NO **FOOL...IS
WHY!**... WHAT
WOMAN VISITS
HER **DOCTOR**
THREE TIMES A
WEEK...

BUT WHY...
I SEE NO
REASON...



HE'LL **NEVER**
GUESS... I HAVE
HIM WRAPPED
AROUND MY **LITTLE
FINGER...**
HE'S A **FOOL...**

DOCTOR...

WHAT IS IT
NURSE... I SAID
I DIDN'T WANT
TO BE
DISTURBED...

I MUST
SEE YOU
PRIVATELY
... IT'S
URGENT...



WHAT IS IT?... I
WAS CONDUCTING AN
IMPORTANT EXAMINATION
WITH MRS. BIERCE...

I'M NOT
SURPRISED...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY
THAT?



I MEAN I THINK YOU'LL
CONFIRM CERTAIN
SUSPICIONS ABOUT
THIS BIERCE WOMAN WHEN
YOU READ HER **MEDICAL
REPORT...** IT JUST
CAME IN...

...REPORT... OH
YES... IT WAS
ONLY **ROUTINE**
I...

... **GOOD
LORD...**



CANCER!

WITH LUCK CECILLE...
WITH **LUCK** YOU HAVE
SIX MONTHS...
I'M **AFRAID...** IT'S
MALIGNANT...



BUT THERE
MUST BE A CURE
THAT **MONEY**
CAN BUY
DOCTOR...

NO SIR...RICH
MAN OR POOR...
WE HAVE **NO CURE**
YET...

...I'M **SORRY** TO
HAVE TO SAY...

...YOUR **MONEY** IS
USELESS HERE
MR. BIERCE...

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE WOMAN IS
BED-RIDDEN... BUT HER LOVING
HUSBAND STILL SEARCHES FOR
AND **ANSWER**...

CECILE...I
FOUND A **SPECIAL**
CLINIC THAT...

SOMEDAY?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

NO... NO IT...
IT'S NOT **THAT** KIND
OF A **CLINIC**... BUT
IT CAN GIVE YOU A
NEW LIFE
SOMEDAY...

THAT CAN
CURE ME
WALTER?

THERE IS **NO CURE**
FOR CANCER **TODAY**...
BUT SOME DAY **TOMORROW**
THERE **WILL BE**... THEY CAN
FREEZE YOU... KEEP YOUR
BODY IN **SUSPENDED**
ANIMATION... UNTIL THE
DAY WHEN THEY HAVE A
CURE...

...THEN THEY CAN
OPERATE... **SAVE YOU**...
BRING YOU
BACK TO LIFE...

IT WILL COST A
FORTUNE... BUT
FOR **YOU MY LOVE**...
...I CANNOT SAVE
A **DIME** KNOWING
THERE IS **SOME**
HOPE...

NOW ONLY WEEKS
LATER... WE
SAY **GOODBYE**
TO THE
PRESENT...

IS IT POSSIBLE?
PERHAPS I **MUST DIE**...
BUT WALTER'S **MONEY** CAN
KEEP ME ON **ICE** UNTIL
THEY FIND A **CURE**...

...I CAN COME BACK TO **LIFE**...
HE'LL BE **LONG GONE**... I CAN BE
FREE... TO LIVE A LIFE OF
LUXURY... WITHOUT THIS
GARGOYLE FOR A
HUSBAND...

DEAD! OH LOVE
OF MY **LIFE**... THERE
IS **NOTHING LEFT**
WORTH **LIVING FOR**...
MY **LIFE HAS DIED**
WITH THIS
WOMAN...

...I AM AS **DEAD**
AND **LIFELESS** AS
SHE...

A STRANGE TOMB **THIS...** TO BE INTERRED IN SUCH AN UNHOLY GRAVE IS **BIZARRE...** ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A PROUD, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS **THIS....**



BUT SHE HAS NO MIND **NOW...** NO MIND TO KNOW-- TO CARE-- ABOUT THE DRIFTING THRU **TIMELESS SPACE...** ABOUT THE **FUTURE** THAT THEN BECOMES **NOW...**



2272 IS **NOW...** IN **THIS** AGE THE ICE-SHROUDED BODY OF ONE **CECILLE BIERCE** IS **UNFROZEN** AND THEN SUBJECT TO THE MOST **WONDERFUL** OF EXPERIENCES...



DID **YOU** THINK IN **THIS** DAY AND AGE IT WOULD BE PERFORMED BY **COMPUTER**? NO...EVEN IN **THIS** DAY THE **SKILL** OF THE **HUMAN SURGEON** IS ONE OF THE **FEW** MIRACLES OF MAN...

WELCOME WOMAN...

...YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF FEELING **WELL...** KNOWING NOT A **MOMENT** OF MAN'S TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OVER THE LAST **3 CENTURIES...**

MY GOD... **3 CENTURIES...** WHAT KIND OF WORLD IS **THIS**?

...OH...YOU WILL **EASILY** ADJUST... IT IS NOT REALLY ALL THAT DIFFERENT FROM **YOURS...**

...A FEW MORE **CONVENIENCES...**

I WANT TO SEE IT!

YOU'RE **JOKING** SURELY...**REST**?... AFTER **300 YEARS**? ...I WANT TO SEE THE **WORLD...**

IT IS NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE YOU **LEFT...**

BUT YOU SHOULD **REST...**

SCIENCE HAS BROUGHT AN **END** TO **POVERTY...** HAS TAKEN OVER MAN'S **WORK LOAD...** THERE ARE NO MORE **WARS...** NO MORE **DISEASES...**

...LIKE **CANCER...**

...WE FINALLY FOUND THE **CURE...** OR THE **CAUSE...** A FEW **YEARS AGO...**

WE WAITED TILL IT WAS **PERFECTED** BEFORE WE PERFORMED **YOUR** OPERATION...



AND, OH YES...
SCIENCE HAS **ALSO**
SOLVED THE PROBLEM
OF **AGING** MRS.
BIERCE... NO ONE ANY
LONGER **DIES**... **NO**
NEED FOR IT...

WE SOLVED THAT
LITTLE MEDICAL
PROBLEM A **LONG**
TIME AGO... I THINK--
YES, OF COURSE, JUST
A FEW YEARS AFTER
YOUR '**DEATH**'...

HELLO
DEAR... MY
LOVE...



CECILE...
WHAT IS IT?
AREN'T YOU
BETTER?...

MRS. BIERCE...
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

THE **MACABRE ARTS** HAVE TAKEN
OVER, IT MIGHT APPEAR, WHERE
MODERN MEDICINE HAS LEFT OFF...

MR. BIERCE, WHO YOU WILL RECALL,
WAS IN **DESPAIR**, ON THE **VERGE OF**
DEATH... HAS BEEN GIVEN A **NEW**
LEASE ON LIFE... PERHAPS LOOKING
FORWARD TO THE SPECIAL GIFT OF
HIS WIFE'S **RETURN TO HIM**...

... ON HIS 300TH BIRTHDAY...

THE TIME: 1866 IN BUCHAREST, **RUMANIA**.
PRINCE KARL EITEL FRIEDRICH COMMISSIONS
SCULPTOR WILBUUR KIHNLAR TO CREATE
FOR HIM **3 MONSTROUS GARGOYLES**
TO DECORATE HIS **PALACE TURRETS**



THE OLD SCULPTOR RETURNS TO HIS SMALL VILLAGE IN
THE COUNTRY - A TOWN NAMED **DRAGASANI** - WHERE
HE WORKS ON THE COMMITMENT OF **HIS LIFE...**
WORKING MANY LONG **HOURS... MANY LONG MONTHS...**



and so starts our tales...

the gargoyle trilogy

THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE

THE 1ST TALE

WHY DO THEY
IGNORE ME --
I AM ONLY A
OLD MAN...
I DO THEM
NO HARM!

THEY TREAT ME
WITH SUCH **SCORN**
THESE DAYS -- SINCE
I ACCEPTED THE ORDER
OF PRINCE FRIEDRICH
FOR THE **GARGOYLES...**
BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER TO *THAT*, OLD MAN, IS **BEHIND YOUR BACK!** WHILE YOU WORK
ON THE MASTERPIECES WITHIN YOUR SMALL **HOVEL--** THE TOWN HAS EX-
PERIENCED STRANGE **FIRES...** DISEASES THAT **PLAGUE** THE POPULACE--
DROUGHT AND **FAMINE** THAT STARVE...

AND PERHAPS
BECAUSE YOU
ARE **OLD** AND
A LITTLE
STRANGE IN
YOUR **CREA-**
TIVITY... THE
SUPERSTITIOUS
TOWNSFOLK
OF **DRAGASONI**
BLAME YOU!



HEWETSON AND DE LA ROSA

DE LA
ROSA

COME OUT OLD MAN-- COME OUT OR WE'LL **BURN DOWN** YOUR WRETCHED **SHACK!**

YOU... YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES -- COME OUT AND **ANSWER FOR YOURSELF!**



INSIDE THE TINY HOVEL THE SCULPTOR DOES NOT HEAR HIS PERSECUTORS...

DEAR GOD -- CAN'T STOP WORKING... SOME MAD FORCE OUTSIDE OF ME DRIVING ME ONWARD...

...THE VILLAGERS MUST BE RIGHT-- THERE IS SOMETHING BEWITCHED ABOUT THESE MONSTERS! I DO NOT CREATE THEM-- THEY ONLY USE ME... AS AN INSTRUMENT!



IT'S OBVIOUS HE ISN'T COMING OUT-- HE WAS WARNED... WE'LL BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND...

THE TORCH-- IT'S NOT TAKING... THE HOUSE IS PROTECTED MY MAGIC...



NONSENSE... STORM THE DOOR...

IT'S AS SOLID AS PURE MARBLE... NOTHING ON THIS EARTH WILL GET THRU THAT DOOR...

...BUT NEITHER WILL ANYTHING GET OUT IF WE CAN'T GET IN-- WE'LL WAIT... 'TILL HE'S READY TO COME OUT!



IT WON'T BE SOON VILLAGER... NOT SOON! THE SCULPTOR DOESN'T HEAR YOUR WORDS... HE IS, AT THE MOMENT... VERY-- VERY BUSY!



AM I... LOSING MY MIND?...

... DID I NOT JUST FEEL SOMETHING **MOVE**? DEAR GOD-- CAN THERE BE **MORE** TO THESE GROTESQUE GARGOYLES THAN MERE **MAGIC**...

... CAN THERE BE **LIFE**?



AYE SCULPTOR... LIFE...

IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY SAINTS...

A **GROAN**...AND A **SHUDDER**! GREAT STONE WINGS CREAK AND **STRAIN** AT THEIR **JOINTS**... NECK VEINS **RENT THEMSELVES** AND **TWIST** THE GREAT BLACK HEAD ABOUT IN **TORMENT**



GRASSSSS!!!

THE WINGS **BREAK FREE** AND SLOWLY LIFT TO **SPREAD**-- THE HUNCHED FORM OF THE GARGOYLE LIFTS AND STRAIGHTENS TO AN IMMENSE **7 FEET**... GRAY EYES **ROLL** IN HAGGARD SOCKETS AND THE **NEW BORN THING** MADLY FLAPS ITS WINGS... ROCKING THE **WALLS OF THE HUT**...

AND THEN IT **STRAINS AT THE MOUTH**... THE FACE **DISTORTS** AND **TWISTS** IN A **THOUSAND WAYS**... TO **SPEAK**... TO **CRY OUT**... BUT COMES NOTHING!



AND **OUTSIDE** THE FEARFUL VILLAGERS **HEAR**...

WHAT UNHOLY **RITE** GOES ON WITHIN THOSE WALLS?...

PERHAPS NOTHING WE SHOULD **KNOW**...



... WAIT... THAT **RUMBLING**...

THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE SHUDDERED AND FLAPPED AND **SHOOK** THE ROOM ABOUT SCULPTOR WILBÜUR KIHNLAR... **BUT NO SOUND CAME**... IT SWELLED INSIDE... THE MONSTROUS BELLY **BLOATED** AND THE FACE **RIPPED ITSELF APART**... **BUT NO SOUND CAME!**



THE TWO GARGOYLES... NOT YET **ALIVE**... FEEL WITHIN THEM A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF **DISGUST**... DISGUST AT A PERVERTED **MONARCH** WHOSE ORDERS WERE ATTENDED BY **BLACK GODS BENEATH HUMAN DIGNITY**...



NONE OF US
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED WITHIN
THIS DAMNED
PLACE...

...AND **THAT**...
BROTHERS... MAY
BE A **BLESSING**
INDEED!

THE ORDER WAS FOR **3 MONKEY GARGOYLES**-- **ONE WHO COULD NOT SEE**... **ONE WHO MIGHT HEAR NOTHING**... AND THE **ONE NOW IN RUIN** UPON THE DIRTY FLOOR OF AN OLD SCULPTOR'S HUT... THE **ONE WHO COULD NOT ISSUE A SOUND** FROM ITS MOUTH... **LEST IT BE GOOD!**



AND SO ENDS 1...

and
starts
2

THE IDIOT GARGOYLE!

THE TIME: 2092 IN HERITAGE COUNTY **GALACT ELEVEN**--
VICE CONSORT DENNIS MADGERY MAKES A STATEMENT ABOARD
HIS SPACE PONTON-- **ZARATHUSTRA**...



FELLOW CITIZENS OF GALACT ELEVEN
--DURING THIS INTER-GALACTIC
CELEBRATION THIS YEAR, WE ARE
HONORING OUR **MOTHER EARTH**...
AND IN WHAT BETTER WAY CAN WE
DEMONSTRATE OUR **RESPECT** FOR THE
OLD WORLD THAN BY **ILLUSTRATING**
OUR PLANET WITH DYNAMIC AND
GRAPHIC **MEMORIES** OF HER...



IN THE COUNTY OF *HERITAGE* THE CITIZENS HAPPILY WORK TOWARDS THE CELEBRATION... GATHERING RELICS AND ARTIFACTS FROM AN ERA *ALMOST FORGOTTEN*... BUT *STILL CHERISHED* IN THEIR *HEARTS*... THE ERA WHEN EARTH WAS *ALL THAT WAS*...

AND ABOVE CITY SQUARE...

WHAT ON EARTH IS *THAT*?

I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW...

IT WAS FOUND IN THE *MUSEUM*... SOME SORT OF *ARCHAIC* THING OUR ANCESTORS MUST HAVE THOUGHT *BEAUTIFUL*...

... I WONDER WHAT IT *MEANT* THO?

IN THOSE DAYS NOT EVERYTHING HAD A *MEANING*...

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH *LONGER* THIS COUNTY CAN *HOLD ON* WITHOUT *HELP* DEAR...

IF *MADGERY* DOESN'T GIVE US SOME SORT OF *HELP* *SOON* WE'RE LIABLE TO *STARVE*...

IF ONLY THERE WAS AN *EXPLANATION*...

DADDY...

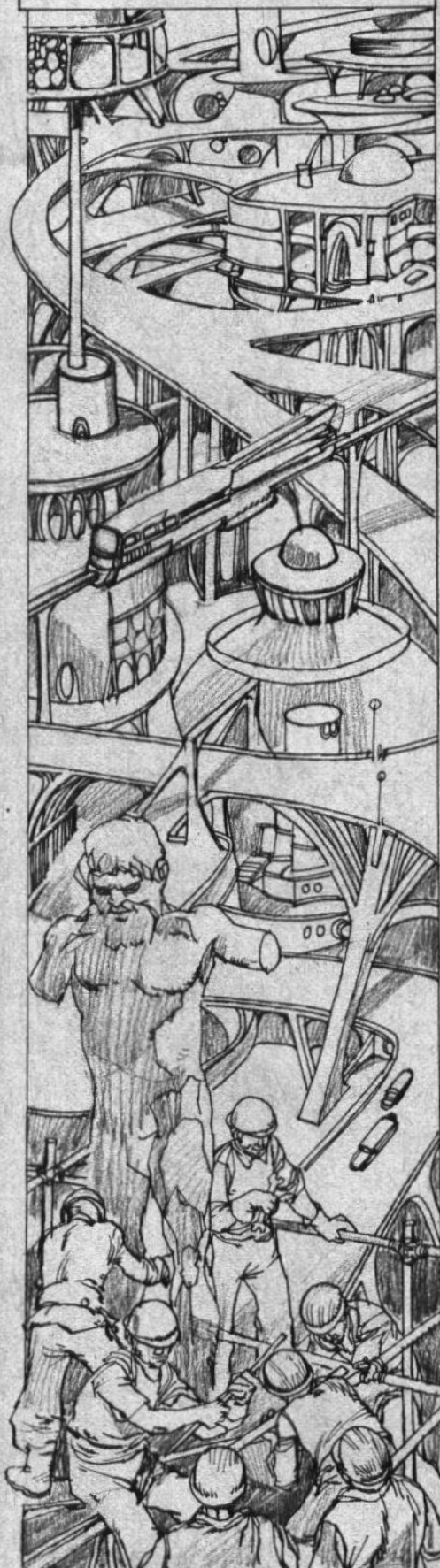
THE CELEBRATION THROUGH THE 9 GALAXIES OF *FOUNDATION* IS A *TREMENDOUS SUCCESS*... *EXCEPT FOR HERITAGE COUNTY*... WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE *PLAGUED BY STRANGE DISEASES*... *PESTILENCE*... *FIRES*...



WHAT DO YOU WANT *NOW*... CAN'T YOU SEE WE HAVE *IMPORTANT* THINGS IN OUR *MINDS*...

BUT DADDY... I WANTED TO *TELL* YOU... THE THING-- THE *BLACK* THING IN THE *SQUARE*...

...IS *GONE*!



OH FOR THE LOVE
OF *KRUMA*...

...**SO
WHAT?**

YOU THOUGHT *WHAT?*
WHAT? THAT IT HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH OUR
PROBLEMS...

BUT
IT'S *GONE*...
I
THOUGHT...

...DON'T
BOTHER
US *NOW*...

...SAVE YOUR
CHILDISH DRIVEL
FOR SOME
OTHER TIME...

AS WOULD
ANY CHILD SO
HARSHLY DEALT
WITH BY A
FATHER,
SUPPOSED TO
LOVE... A
MOTHER,
SUPPOSED TO
PROTECT...
THE CHILD
RUNS...

RUNS INTO *THE NIGHT*...
ACROSS FIELDS...
STREAMS... 'TILL SHE
IS CAKED WITH *MUD*
AND *TEARS*...

THEY
DON'T
LOVE
ME...

IF THEY
DID WHY
WOULD THEY TREAT
ME SO *MEAN*... WHY
WOULD THEY *SCREAM*
AT ME TO GO
AWAY?

WELL I *WILL*
GO AWAY...
FOREVER...

'TILL SHE COMES INTO THE DARK,
BROODING *FOREST* WHERE TALL
BROWN *STALKS* REACH UP TO THE
TWIN LAPPING *MOONS* IN THE *BLUE*
NIGHT SKY...

MY LEGS... CUT
FROM RUNNING THRU
THE *BRUSH*... SO *TIRED*...
MUST LIE DOWN AND
REST... *MUST*
REST...

AS LITTLE
VANESSA
SLEEPS A
BLACK THING
COMES
CREEPING UP...
MAKING AS
LITTLE NOISE
AS IS *POSSIBLE*
FOR SOMETHING
MADE OF *STONE*!



WHEN SHE AWAKES IN THE MORN SHE FINDS HERSELF IN THE
SHADOW OF A SILENT, HIDEOUSLY HUNCHED GARGOYLE,
SQUINTING AT HER THRU GRAY PENETRATING SOCKETS
OF EVIL...

...YOU...

...YOU'RE ALIVE...
I WONDERED WHY
YOU WERE GONE
FROM THE
SQUARE...

I LIKE YOU...
WILL YOU BE MY
FRIEND?

MY MOMMY
AND DADDY
DON'T LOVE
ME... THEY
CHASED ME
AWAY FROM
HOME...

HHHSSSSSS
RRHHSSSSSS

HHHSSSSSSSS
RRHHSSSSSS

WHY DO YOU
MAKE THAT SOUND...
DON'T YOU
LIKE ME?...

... DON'T YOU
LIKE ME?
EITHER?...

INSTEAD OF THE SOFT
PURR OF A KITTEN
THE MONSTER NOW
STANDS... RAISES
ITS HUGE WINGS...
AND TAKES TO FLIGHT...
HOVERING OVER
THE CHILD...

IT TEARS AT HER EYES... RIPPING...
CLAWING PITIOUSLY... HORRIBLY...
UNTIL BLOOD POURS DOWN HER FACE
FROM HER HAIR AND HER EYES--
HER SCREAMS BECOME
FANATICAL... AND SHE IS COVERED
WITH GHASTLY RED MUCK THAT
EMANATES WITHOUT END...

...THEN SHE
BECOMES LIMP
AND FALLS INTO A
CRUMPLED
HEAP...

THE GARGOYLE
BLINKS AND
STANDS VERY
STILL... THEN
MOVES SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE
CHILD AGAIN...
AND HOLDS
HER... HOLDS
HER TILL SHE
IS WARM AND
COMFORTED...

...AND ALL THRU THAT
DAY AND THAT NIGHT
HE SITS HOLDING
HER... FEELING THE
WARMTH OF HER
TINY BODY AGAINST
HIS COLD STONE
CHEST... SOOTHING
HER... CALMING
HER...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN THEY FOUND
THEM MANY WEAK STOMACHS TURNED OVER...

...OH MY
LIVING... SWEET
GOD WHAT
HAVE YOU
PERMITTED...

...A TRICKLE OF
BLOOD WAS
HARDENED ON THE
GARGOYLE'S CHEST
NEAR LITTLE
VANESSA'S FACE...
BLOOD THAT HAD
COME FROM HER
LAST BREATH...
A BREATH THAT
CAME WITH A CRY
OF SUFFOCATION
THAT HE COULD NOT
HEAR AND KNOW...
FOR THIS IDIOT
GARGOYLE... WAS
THE ONE WITH
NO EARS!

SO ENDS THE 2ND TALE...

AND THEN SWOOPS...
SMASHING LITTLE
VANESSA INTO THE
BLOOD RED ROOTS
OF THE SNARLING
FOREST FLOOR...

...now
starts
the 3rd...

THE DARKNESS CARCOYLE...

THE TIME: ERA 2197, MOTHER EARTH.
PRINCIPAL FATHER-ELECT KAUFMANN
MAKES AN **ANNOUNCEMENT** THAT IS
CARRIED IN OVER THREE HUNDRED AND
EIGHTY-FIVE **MILLION NEWSPRINTS**
THROUGHOUT A **UNIVERSE...**

GREAT HEAVENS --
YOU SEE WHAT **DADDY**
KAUFMANN
HAS ANNOUNCED?

A **RENNAISSANCE**
OF THE **ARTS...**



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS **MEANS?**
IT'S BEEN **YEARS** SINCE THE MOTION
PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN
IMPORTANT TO ANYONE...
THIS CAN MEAN A **NEW START**
FOR US...

THE **ONE** GREAT MEDIUM
OF ALL TIME -- **THE MOVIES**--
GETTING THE ATTENTION
IT **DESERVES...**

AND SO **EMMA-DOLCE STUDIO**, FOR
YEARS SCRAMBLING AROUND ON ITS
KNEES FOR A FEW **RUBLES...** LAUNCHES,
WITH AMPLE GOVERNMENT FUNDING THE
GREATEST **SHOOTING SCHEDULE**
OF THE **CENTURY...**

...STARRING THE GREATEST MOVIE QUEEN
OF THE **CENTURY... NATALIE WORLD...**
DID WE SAY THE **CENTURY... NAY... THE**
GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

THE SCRIPT CENTERS AROUND **GLOBAL**
EARTH DURING THE **19th CENTURY...**
A TIME WHEN THERE WERE POLITICAL
DIVISIONS AND MAN WAS A **SUPERS-**
TITIOUS BUMPKIN...

HEY THIS SHOULD
BE **FANTASTIC...**
LOOK AT IT...

SOME KINDA WEIRD **BIRD...**
OR SOMETHING **BEAUTIFUL...**
WE CAN HAVE IT FLYING IN
AND OUT OF **DOORWAYS...**
REAL MOOD SETTER...



YOU SEE THE STONE BIRD NATALIE?

...WE'VE ARTIFICIALLY ANIMATED IT... FOUND IT IN AN OLD MUSEUM OF SORTS...

IN A FEW MINUTES IT'LL SWOOP IN AND FLY AROUND A LITTLE... LOOK SCARED...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOOK SCARED...

...I AM SCARED... THAT THING'S HORRIBLE!

IT'S CRAFT... EDGAR CRAFT...

...WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED... MURDERING THE LEADING MAN...

WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED IN THE CASTLE SET...

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THE SET... FIRES... ILLNESS... THEN DEATH... BUT DEATH THE HARD WAY... MURDER!

NATALIE...

SHE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN HARRY-- SHE'S DEAD... MURDERED...

MURDER... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!...

...VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE...

I DUNNO WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO... FIRST MISS WORLD... THEN COLT EMMERSON... AND NOW NATALIE'S REPLACEMENT...

...MURDER HAS BEEN UN-HEARD OF FOR CENTURIES... ALL CRIME... THERE ARE NO MEANS TO INVESTIGATE... WE HAVE NO ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES...

...AND SO EDGAR CRAFT, PROP MAN, IS EASILY CAPTURED AND ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER...

...AND SO... MORE OR LESS... ENDS THE 3RD TALE... FOR THEIR IS ONLY THE TRIAL TO FOLLOW...

...AND

THE TRIAL

IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

YOUR HONOR-- I
PRESENT THESE
DOCUMENTS--
THESE 3 CASE
HISTORIES OF
THE GARGOYLES--
THE MACABRE
ORIGIN... THE
EVENTS OF THE
FIRST TWO
CASES ALL GO TO
PROVE MY
INNOCENCE...

HOW SO?

... IT IS NOT
SO OBVIOUS
TO THE
COURT!

THE GARGOYLES WERE CREATED **EVIL**--
BY **PRINCE FRIEDRICH**-- ONE WITH
NO EARS... ONE WITH **NO MOUTH**--
ONE WITH **NO EYES**... LIKE **MONKEYS**...
THE **3 FAMOUS MONKEYS** THAT CAN'T
SEE, HEAR OR SPEAK... LEST WHAT
THEY **SENSE** BE **EVIL**!

...THE GARGOYLES WERE
PROTECTED FROM **GOOD**!

...NOW **THIS** GARGOYLE...
THE LAST ONE... WHO
CONTROLLED **ME**... TOOK
OVER **MY MIND**...
FORCED ME TO
MURDER...

...HE HAD
TO...

... HE WAS THE ONE
WHO COULD **NOT SEE**...
HE NEEDED **MY EYES**
TO SEE... TO **MURDER**...
TO COMMIT **HIS**
FOUL EVILS...

"**ABSURD RUBBISH**... THIS
COURT DOES NOT ACCEPT THAT
KIND OF **TRIFE** SIR... YOU ARE
GUILTY... **JUSTICE** MUST BE
HAD... AND LEST YOU **CONTA-**
MINATE OUR SOCIETY THAT IS
FREE FROM CRIMES... **LIKE**
MURDER... YOU ARE SENTENCED
TO... **DEATH**!

AND MAY **JUDGEMENT**
HAVE MERCY ON YOUR
POOR SOUL..."



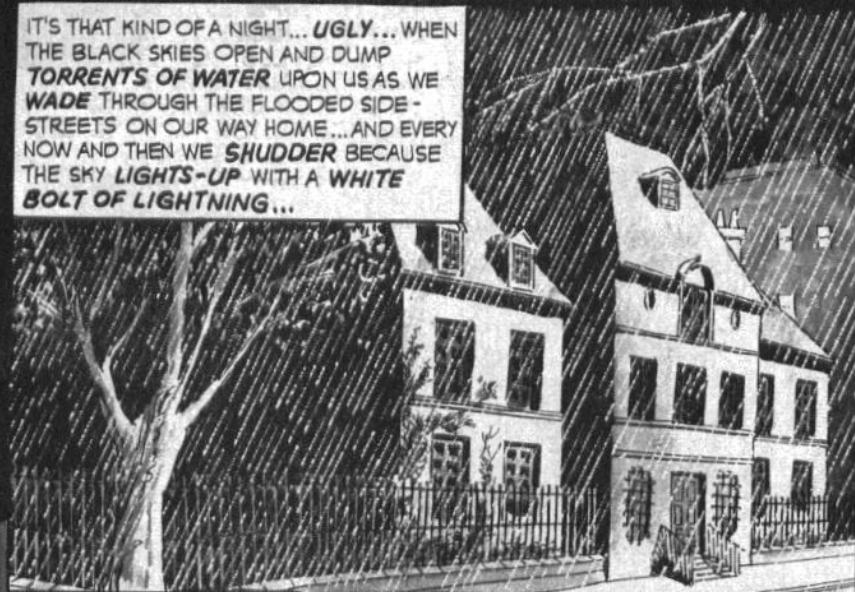
THE DARKNESS
GARGOYLE IS
UN-ANIMATED...
PLACED AGAIN IN
ITS **MUSEUM**...
RETURNED TO
ITS BLACK,
QUIET **CRYPT**...

...AND IN THE
DUST... A
SIGHTLESS BEAST
FLAPS **BRITTLE**
STONE WINGS...
AND GROANS A
GROAN OF DEEP
SATISFACTION...
FOR NOW HE HAS
COMPLETED
HIS TASK...



...WITHIN THE BLACK MOCKING **SILENCE** - THE
DARKNESS GARGOYLE GRINS... FOR LIKE HIM...
JUSTICE HAS BEEN **BLIND**...

IT'S THAT KIND OF A NIGHT... **UGLY**... WHEN THE BLACK SKIES OPEN AND DUMP **TORRENTS OF WATER** UPON US AS WE **WADE** THROUGH THE FLOODED SIDE-STREETS ON OUR WAY HOME... AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE **SHUDDER** BECAUSE THE SKY **LIGHTS-UP** WITH A **WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING**...



...A DEMON ON **TWO LEGS**... WHO CLAMBERS THE SHEER WALL LIKE AN **AGILE CAT**... FOR THAT IS INDEED **HER NAME**-- THE '**WHITE CAT**'!-- RATHER **IRONIC**, AS YOU SHALL SOON **SEE**... AS SHE REACHES A WINDOW NOT PROPERLY **LATCHED** AND FLICKS OPEN THE **LOCK**...



...LIGHTING THE CORNERS AND CRACKS OF FORGOTTEN **ALLEYS** AND COBBESTONED **SIDE STREETS**! ON SUCH A STREET IS A **MUSEUM**... WHICH EVEN NOW THE LIGHTNING THREATENS TO **ATTACK**... EVEN AS IT IS BEING **THREATENED** BY ANOTHER KIND OF **NIGHT-DEMON**...



...TO START OUR TALE OF...



THE NIGHT IN THE **WAX** MUSEUM

...MADE IT!

ONE OF THE FINEST **WAX MUSEUMS** IN NORTH AMERICA... AND **PRIME PICKINGS** FOR...

...THE **WHITE CAT**!...



PRIME PICKINGS... **AYE**... FOR THIS ICE-NERVED WOMAN WITH THE **BLACK, PROBING EYES** IS A **THIEF**... ONE OF THE **BEST**... IN SEARCH OF **FORBIDDEN TREASURE**...
...AND SHE HAS COME TO **THE RIGHT PLACE**!



BUT EVEN FOR SUCH AN **UNUSUAL THIEF...** WE ARE ABOUT TO SERVE WITNESS TO AN **UNUSUAL THEFT...**

ALTHOUGH THESE WAX TREASURES ARE **WELL GUARDED,** THEY ARE NOT GUARDED **WELL ENOUGH** FOR THE **WHITE CAT...**

...THE OWNER AND **CREATOR** OF THESE PRICELESS FIGURES THINKS ENOUGH OF THEM TO HAVE THEM UNDER **LOCK AND KEY...**

...BUT EVIDENTLY HIS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ENTRY ARE **LIMITED...** IT IS HARDLY LIKELY THERE ARE **TOO MANY** THIEVES INTERESTED IN **MACABRE** VALUABLES SUCH AS **THESE!**

THESE FIGURES ARE THE WORK OF **GENIUS...** I WANT **MY OWN PARTICULAR FAVORITES** FOR MY OWN **GALLERY...**

...**GENIUS...**

...THE **MASTERY** IN THE **FACES...** THE **TONES...** THE **TEXTURE OF THE SKIN...** SO **LIFELIKE...**

ONLY WHEN I TOUCH THE **COLD SURFACE** CAN I FULLY ADMIT THEY AREN'T **REAL...** BUT ONLY **WAX...**

DEAD WAX!

A **REPLICA...** AN IMITATION **ONLY...** THO THIS BITTER **AXE** BE **REAL...** THO THE CLOTHES REAK OF **SPILLED BLOOD...**

...THE **EXECUTIONER** IS ONLY A **REPLICA...** THE **AXE** FROM SOME **FORGOTTEN DUNGEON...** THE CLOTHES STAINED FOR THE **EFFECT** OF REALISM WITH THE **BLOOD** A **COMMON RODENT!**

WHO COULD THEY BE **SOLD** TO?

...NO FENCE IN THE **WORLD** WOULD TOUCH 'EM WITH A **FIVE BUCK BILL!**

...BUT TO **ME...** AH... TO **ME** A SAMPLING FROM THIS COLLECTION IS **WORTH THE WORLD...**

...EVEN IF IT NOT BE FOR **MONETARY PROFIT!**

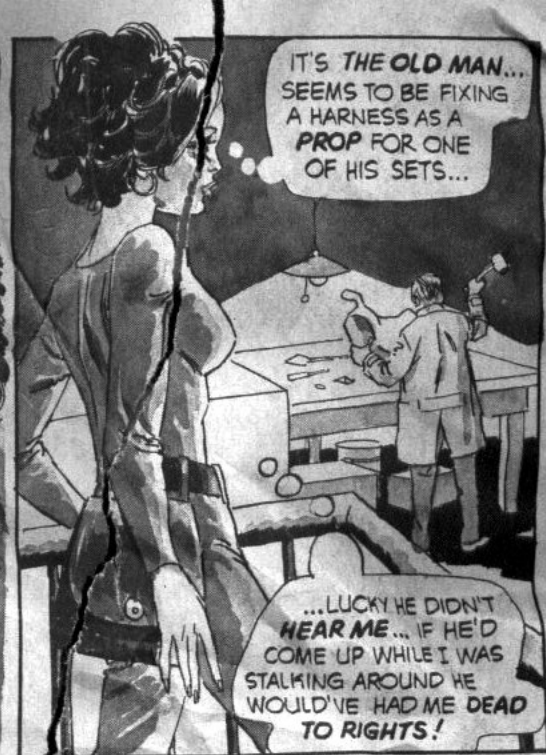




IT IS HIS WORKROOM...
...THE WORK ISN'T
DISCERNABLE YET...
HE MUST BE ...
=YOWWWWWH!=

THAT NOISE... COMING
FROM **BELOW**... A LOW
MUFFLED SOUND...
TAPPING ...
... SEEMS TO BE
EMANATING FROM
THAT **SMALL**
DOOR...

THIS IS **STILL**
HOT... HOW CAN
THAT BE?...
UNLESS...



IT'S **THE OLD MAN**...
SEEMS TO BE FIXING
A **HARNES** AS A
PROP FOR ONE
OF HIS **SETS**...

...LUCKY HE DIDN'T
HEAR ME... IF HE'D
COME UP WHILE I WAS
STALKING AROUND HE
WOULD'VE HAD ME **DEAD**
TO RIGHTS!



CAN'T LET HIM
DISCOVER ME **NOW**
EITHER... AND THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO
SEE TO **THAT**...



TO TAKE THE **OFFENSIVE**
FIRST!

=WHUUUUUUUPPPPP=



WIRES... TUBES...

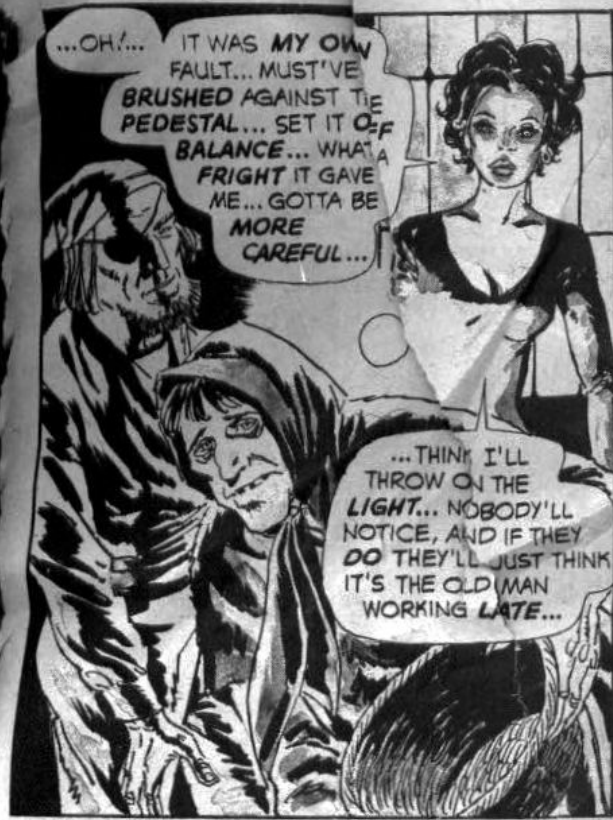
THIS IS ONLY A
ROBOT... BUT
WHY?...

THIS IS
MAD...
AS CRAZY
AS...

THE **ASP**...
THE **ASP** ON
THE **CLEOPA-**
TRA SET IS
ALIVE... MOVING
...IT'S ALIVE!
GOOD LORD!
CLEOPATRA
IS ALIVE
TOO!

I'D HEARD HE
HAD A **WEIRD** SENSE
OF **HUMOR** BUT THIS
DOESN'T MAKE **ANY**
SENSE ... IT'S ALMOST
LIKE IT'S BEEN **SET-UP**
FOR SOME **INTRUDER'S**
BENEFIT...

MY
BENEFIT!



...OH!... IT WAS MY OWN FAULT... MUST'VE BRUSHED AGAINST THE PEDESTAL... SET IT OFF BALANCE... WHAT A FRIGHT IT GAVE ME... GOTTA BE MORE CAREFUL...

...THINK I'LL THROW ON THE LIGHT... NOBODY'LL NOTICE, AND IF THEY DO THEY'LL JUST THINK IT'S THE OLD MAN WORKING LATE...

...THAT'S BETTER...

WOW! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT SCENE GIRL... BEAUTIFUL...

...THE GUILLOTINE... LOPPING OFF THE HEAD OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN... GUILTY ONLY OF BEING BORN THE WRONG TIME IN THE WRONG COUNTRY...



...BUT THE MASTERY OF THE WORK...

...THE OLD MAN IS A GENIUS...

NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM ECCENTRIC... NEVER SHOWS HIS FACE TO THE WORLD... KEEPS HIMSELF HIDDEN AWAY WHILE HE JUST CREATES AND CREATES...

...HOW I ENVY HIM... HOW SOMEONE CAN CREATE FROM MERE WAX A FIGURE AS SAD AS THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME...



...HITLER'S DEATH ESCENE...

NO ONE REALLY KNOWS EXACTLY HOW HITLER DIED... WHETHER BY

POISON -- OR BY HAVING ANOTHER MAN SHOOT HIS FÜHRER THEN BURN HIS BODY... OR BY SUICIDE AS SHOWN HERE...

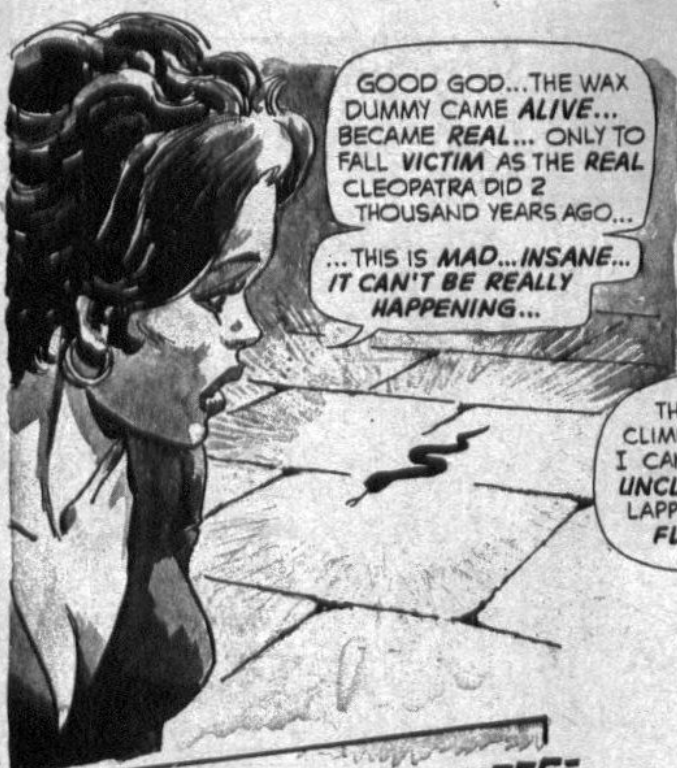
...SOMEHOW THIS LOOKS THE MORE PLAUSIBLE OF ALL EXPLANATIONS... HAVING THE PATHETIC MADMAN PUTTING A GUN TO HIS OWN HEAD TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT...



MMMMH! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM OVER THERE? LOOKS LIKE A WORKROOM... MAYBE SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S WORKS IN PROGRESS...

PRIVATE





GOOD GOD...THE WAX DUMMY CAME **ALIVE**... BECAME **REAL**... ONLY TO FALL **VICTIM** AS THE **REAL** CLEOPATRA DID 2 THOUSAND YEARS AGO...
...THIS IS **MAD**...**INSANE**... IT CAN'T BE **REALLY** HAPPENING...



EEAAUUGHHH!

THE ASP IS CLIMBING **MY** LEG... I CAN FEEL ITS **UNCLEAN** TONGUE LAPPING AT MY **FLESH**...

...GOT TO **RUN**... GET AWAY FROM THIS **INSANITY**...



OOOUUUUUUFFF
EEAAAHHHHHHHFEAA!

THE FIGURE OF **DR. JEKYLL** ... COMING **ALIVE** LIKE THE WAX IMAGE OF **CLEOPATRA**...



DO NOT FEAR... **MY CHILD**... I WILL NOT **HARM** YOU...
...I WANT ONLY TO **HELP**...
...AND AS **DR. JEKYLL** I AM PREPARED TO **DO JUST THAT**...



...BUT AS MY **ALTER EGO MR. HYDE** MY GOAL IS A SHADE MORE **SELFISH**...



MY GOD...YOU'RE **INSANE**... THIS IS **INSANE**... IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE**...

...THE WAY YOU **TALK**... LIKE OUT OF A **CHILDREN'S** STORY BOOK...

...AM I GOING **MAD**?

A **STORY BOOK**? INSULT ME IF YOU **WILL** CHILD...

...BUT KNOW THAT **HYDE** IS NOT ONE TO BE SO **SCORNFULLY** TREATED AS A **CHILDREN'S** BOOK!



...NO...

...GOT TO **RUN**...

EVER SEEN A THIEF RUN? MOST THIEVES HAVE PRACTICED ATHLETICS LONG AND HARD HOURS-- IN ANTICIPATION OF THE AWKWARD MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL NEED LIMBS THAT IMMEDIATELY RESPOND TO MENTAL COMMAND... FOR THE WHITE CAT-- NEVER HAVE HER REFLEXES BEEN SO THOROUGHLY PUT TO THE TEST... BUT EVEN SO... SHE EASILY OUTDISTANCES THE HUNCHED, DEFORMED HYDE...



SLAMMING THE DOOR MIGHT NOT HOLD HIM LONG...

...NOT WITH HIS STRENGTH...

...BUT MAYBE JUST LONG ENOUGH!

GOOD LORD!

...ALL THE SETS ARE COMING ALIVE... COMING AT ME!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE... I'M TRAPPED... CAUGHT IN SOME MACABRE WEB...

...A WEB SET BY A GENIUS.





...YOU!...

AYE... ME,
WHITE CAT... YOU'VE
GUESSED MY SECRET
HAVE YOU?

HOLD HER **DOWN** MY FRIENDS...
HOLD HER **STILL**... I HAVE A LITTLE
SOMETHING GIVEN ME BY GOOD DR.
JEKYLL TO INJECT INTO HER VEINS...

...TO
MAKE HER
SLEEP...

AH, NOW SHE SLEEPS
CALMLY... PEACEFULLY...
NEVER WILL SHE POSE A
THREAT TO ME
AGAIN...

... THE EXCITEMENT IS **OVER** FOR
THE NIGHT MY FRIENDS... NOW YOU MAY
RETURN TO
YOUR PLACES...

A MITE **BAFFLED** BY THE INCONGRUITIES IN THESE LAST FEW **SCENES**? --
WELL... **MAD** HUMOR THAT IT IS... WE WILL TRY TO UNDERSTAND **OURSELVES**
AND **EXPLAIN**...

...NOW THE RAIN HAS **ENDED** WITH THE COMING OF THE **MORNING** -- THE **CROWDS** COME TO **LAUGH** AND **ADMIRE** AND SOMETIMES, RARELY, TO **CRITICISE** THE OLD MAN'S WORK...

... THE **FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER**... **JACK THE RIPPER**... **THE PIT** AND **THE PENDULUM**... PERHAPS THEY DON'T NOTICE THE **NEW ADDITION** TO THIS OBSCENE CONCOCTION OF **BIZARRE WAX FIGURE**...

...PERHAPS THEY DON'T **SEE**...

...THE **NEW SET** FOR THE FAMOUS **DR. JEKYLL MR. HYDE ENIGMA**... THERE HAS BEEN AN ADDITION HERE **SOMEHOW**... **THE EYES GIVE IT AWAY**... THE **SAD, MOURNFUL** - ONCE **ICY-BLACK EYES** OF THE **VICTIM** BESEECHING SOMEONE TO LOOK **CLOSE ENOUGH** TO SEE THAT SHE'S **ALIVE**... A **THIEF** WITHIN AN **INSANE PRISON**...

... AND THE **EYES** OF THE EVER CHANGING **JEKYLL-HIDE**... MOMENTARILY **KINDLY**... THEN **CRUEL, CUTTING**... BUT ALWAYS **SMILING**... FOR BEHIND THOSE OLD **SMILING EYES** A MAN OF **GENIUS** CHUCKLES AT HIS OWN **MACABRE HUMOR**... HIS **MAD TRAP**... HIS **MECHANICAL, ROBOT WAX FIGURES** WHO DO HIS **BIDDING**...

...AND THE **IRONY** OF IT ALL... FOR THO HIS **WAX FIGURES** IN THIS MUSEUM OF **DEATH** KNOW A **KIND OF LIFE**... THE **ONE** FIGURE IN THE OLD MAN'S **CRYPT OF MIRTH** WHO **REALLY IS ALIVE**... WILL BE **FROZEN-STILL FOREVER**...

DEEP WITHIN HOLLYWOOD'S **FILM VAULTS**
DWELLS THE ORIGINAL PRINT OF THE
CLASSIC HORROR FILM:

DRACULA

PRODUCED IN **1931** THE FILM BROUGHT TO LIFE THE
LURKING PATHOLOGICAL TERROR--BASED ON THE
FAMOUS **NOVEL** BY **BRAM STOKER** FIRST PRINTED
IN THE YEAR **1897!**

IT INTRODUCED A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN ACTOR--**BELA LUGOSI**--
MAKING HIM A STAR VIRTUALLY **OVERNIGHT!** LUGOSI AS THE
EUROPEAN BLOOD FIEND WAS **INCOMPARABLE--DYNAMIC--REAL--**

BELOW--BY ARTIST **PABLO MARCOS**, A **SCENE** FROM
THE ORIGINAL BELA LUGOSI DRACULA...



PABLO
MARCOS

HEWETSON AND MARCOS



THERE HE IS... GIT 'IM!

KILL... CRY THE HUNTERS...
-- KILL 'IM, CRY THE MEN WITH THE CANNONS AND DYNAMITE NERVES...
KILL!

HENWETSON AND AMADOR



AFTER 'IM... THERE HE IS... IN THE MUD...

THESE ARE THE PROFESSIONALS...
-- THE PROFESSIONAL VULTURES WHO STALK THE SWAMPS IN SEARCH OF BLOOD MONEY!



GIT 'IM IN THE HEAD...
DON'T WANNA FILL 'IS HIDE FULLA HOLES!

NO, THAT WOULDN'T DO...-- THE CREEPS WHO DROP A HUNDRED BILLS ON ALLIGATOR-HIDES DON'T WANT HOLES IN THEIR SHOES!
... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



LOOKIT THE SIZE OF HIM--
THIS BABY'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

KILL 'IM!

SOMETIME EVEN NOW IN CERTAIN SWAMPLANDS TO OUR SOUTH MEN WOMEN LIKE THIS HUNT AND KILL -- SOME ARE 'SPORTSMEN' -- OTHERS ARE 'PROFESSIONALS' LIKE THESE MEN... WHO ARE ABOUT TO BECOME TORN FROM WITHIN BY HISTORY'S MOST CLASSIC AMATEUR KILLER-SPORTSMAN...

THE WEREWOLF WITHIN



GIT 'IS HEAD!



HE'S DEAD!

YOU'RE KIDDIN' AIN'T YOU BRUTE? YOU REALLY THINK HE'S DEAD... HAH?

... YOU DEAD-HEAD... WE FILLED HIM WITH ENOUGH LEAD TO ...

KNOCK IT OFF CECILLE...

... EVERYBODY AIN'T GOT THE BIG BRAIN YOU GOT! C'MON... LET'S DRAG THIS CARCASS BACK TO CAMP... THE DAY'S GETTIN' LATE...



HE'S GOTTA BE WORTH QUITE A BIT... HUH HOLLIS? ... THEY GOTTA PAY A LOT FOR ONE THIS BIG!

I GUESS SO... ... EVER SINCE THEY MADE ALLIGATOR HUNTING ILLEGAL A FEW YEARS AGO ANYTHING IS WORTH MONEY... ... THIS ONE'S GONNA BRING IN A LOT... MUST BE AT LEAST 20 FEET LONG... THAT'S AS BIG AS THEY COME...



HOLY JUDAS... LOOKIT THAT!

WHAT IS IT DOING OUT HERE?

BEATS ME... LIKE SOMETHIN' BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR... AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSION...

BUT WHAT'S IT DOIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWAMP?

MAYBE NOTHIN' RIGHT NOW... ... LOOKS LIKE IT AIN'T BEEN LIVED IN FER YEARS!

YEH... LIKE ABOUT A HUNDRED!



NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE ROOF!

ENOUGH OF IT... IF N IT RAINS... THIS'S GOTTA BE BETTER THAN LIVIN' IN A TENT ANYDAY...

HEY BRUTE... WHY DON'TCHA GO BACK TO THE CAMPSITE AN' PACK IT ALL UP...

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO 'CILLE... ... JUST 'CAUSE YOU THINK I'M STUPID...



KNOCK IT OFF YOU TWO... I DUNNO WHY YOU CAN'T GIT ALONG LIKE ANYONE ELSE...

SHE'S ALWAYS SHOOTIN' OFF HER MOUTH AT ME... SOME DAY I'M GONNA SMASH IN IT FER HER...

THIS TIME SHE'S RIGHT BRUTE... IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO STAY HERE ... WHY DON'T YOU AN' TIBOR GO FOR THE TENTS AND...

I DON'T NEED NO HELP... I'LL DO IT MYSELF...



OH MY GOD...

...CAN THIS BEAST EXIST OR AM I STILL HAVIN' A NIGHTMARE...

EEEEEEAAAAAYUUU UUUGH!

RRRAARRRHHH!
RRHHHAARGGGHHH!

...BUT HOW?...

IT'S THE HOUSE I TELL YA... IT'S THIS WEIRD HOUSE...

HOUSES DON'T RIP OUT THROATS BO...AN ANIMAL DID THIS...

MY GOD... CECILLE...HER THROAT'S BEEN RIPPED OUT...



WHAT THE HELL'S THAT NOISE?

...IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

IT'S THE DOG HOLLIS... LOOK AT HIM...

...HOWLING HIS DEAD OFF...

WHAT'S THE MATTER MUTT?

WHAT'S BOTHERIN' YOU?

HOOWWOOWWOOW



IT'S THIS HOUSE IS WHUT'S BOTHERIN' HIM...

...HEY...WHERE'S BRUTE? AIN'T HE BACK YET?

I GUESS HE FIGURED ON STAYIN' THE NIGHT... CAMP WUS QUITE A WAYS AWAY...

...GIT OVER HERE... FAST!...



...OR SOMETHIN' LIKE AN ANIMAL...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT WALLACE?

...AN ANIMAL LIKE BRUTE!

HE AIN'T HERE... MAYBE HE FIGURED THIS'D BE A GOOD EXCUSE TO GIT RID OF 'CILLE...

...HE SAID HE'S SMASH IN HER MOUTH!

BUT NOT HER THROAT...

...IT WEREN'T BRUTE ...IT WUS THIS HOUSE I TELL YOU...

...HEY... I'M BACK...

WHERE YOU BEEN? YOU KNOW WHUT HAPPENED TO YOUR GIRL FRIEND CECILLE...

SHE WEREN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE... BRUTE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'...

STAYED IN SWAMP OVERNIGHT... WHEN I GOT LOST COME DARKFALL...

LIKE HELL... YOU MURDERED HER...



I DIDN'T
KILL
NO ONE...

I DON'T BELIEVE
YA BRUTE... YOU
MURDERIN' CREEP...
...WHO'S GONNA BE
NEXT...ONE OF US?...

PUT THE
GUN AWAY
WALLACE...

IT WEREN'T
BRUTE... IT
WERE THE
HOUSE I
TELL YA...



DON'T POINT A
GUN AT ME
KID... I'LL
BUST YER...

WRUUMPHHH

...IT WENT
OFF BY
ACCIDENT...

...GOD...AN
ACCIDENT...



HE PUT A SHELL
IN 'IS GUT AN'
HE DIDN'T EVEN
YELL!

I GONNA
KILL YOU
WALLACE...

IT WERE
AN ACCIDENT
BRUTE...

...I SWEAR
TO YA... AN
ACCIDENT...

...I GONNA
KILL
YA...



QUICKSAND...

...IT'S QUICKSAND
...FOR GOD'S SAKE
...HELP ME...



GIT
BACK...
LET 'IM
SINK...

IT WEREN'T
HIS FAULT
BRUTE... IT
WERE THE
HOUSE...



I CAIN'T BREATHE...

...QUICKSAND PUSHIN'
IN MY CHEST... GIT
ME OUTTA THIS...
FOR GOD'S SAKE...

GIMME YER
HAND...QUIT
STRUGGLIN'...

GIT AWAY
FROM HIM OR
I'LL SHOVE YOU
IN WITH 'IM...

LET 'IM
OUT BRUTE...
IT WEREN'T
HIS FAULT...
IT WERE...

SHUT
YER FACE
BO...



ARE YOU
CRAZY BO?

DID YOU HAVE TO
SHOOT HIM IN
THE HEAD...

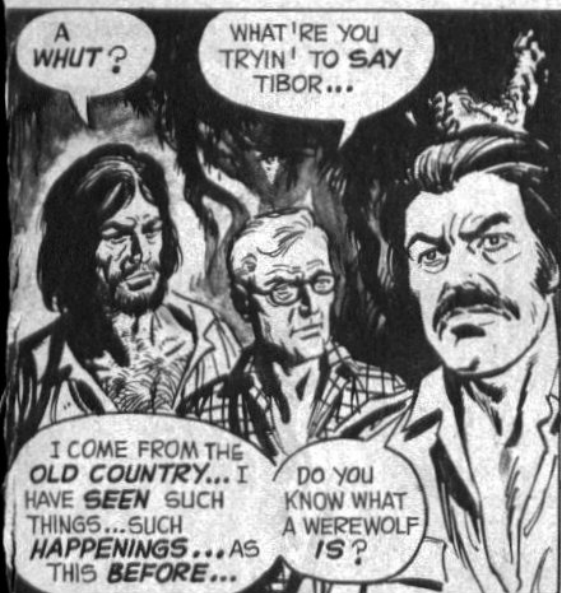
IT AIN'T
MY FAULT...
HE MADE
ME...



YOU IDIOT...
2 PEOPLE KILLED...
AN' WHY? NO
REASON...NONE
AT ALL!

YOU FORGETTING ABOUT
CECILLE?--3 PEOPLE!
AND IT WASN'T THE
HOUSE...PLAIN AND
SIMPLE...

IT WAS A
WEREWOLF...

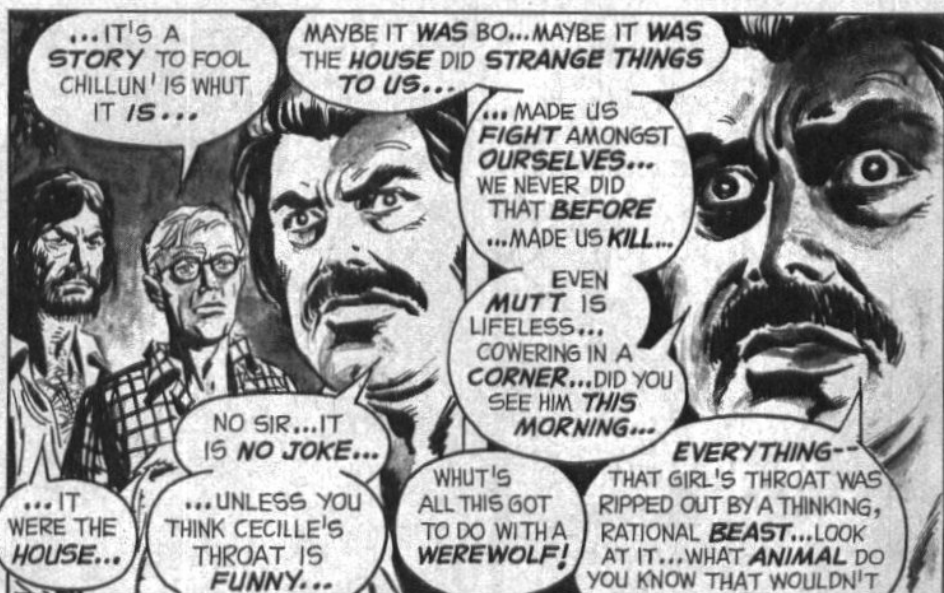


A WHUT?

WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO SAY TIBOR...

I COME FROM THE OLD COUNTRY... I HAVE SEEN SUCH THINGS... SUCH HAPPENINGS... AS THIS BEFORE...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A WEREWOLF IS?



...IT'S A STORY TO FOOL CHILLUN' IS WHAT IT IS...

MAYBE IT WAS BO...MAYBE IT WAS THE HOUSE DID STRANGE THINGS TO US...

...MADE US FIGHT AMONGST OURSELVES... WE NEVER DID THAT BEFORE ...MADE US KILL...

EVEN MUTT IS LIFELESS... COWERING IN A CORNER...DID YOU SEE HIM THIS MORNING...

EVERYTHING-- THAT GIRL'S THROAT WAS RIPPED OUT BY A THINKING, RATIONAL BEAST...LOOK AT IT...WHAT ANIMAL DO YOU KNOW THAT WOULDN'T LEAVE A SCAR...

NO SIR...IT IS NO JOKE...

...IT WERE THE HOUSE...

...UNLESS YOU THINK CECILLE'S THROAT IS FUNNY...

WHUT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH A WEREWOLF!



THEN IT WAS BRUTE...TURNIN' INTO A WEREWOLF COME NIGHT...

...BECAUSE OF THE HOUSE!

MAYBE...AND PERHAPS IT WAS WALLACE....BUT I DOUBT IT...WALLACE WAS TOO YOUNG.... DIDN'T HAVE A HAIR ON HIS BODY...AND AS FOR BRUTE... WELL, I NEVER HEARD OF A STUPID WEREWOLF... LET ALONE A RETARDED ONE!

THEN IT WAS ONE OF US!

THEN...



IT WEREN'T ME...I AIN'T NO WEREWOLF...

WHY NOT? YOU'RE THE MOST LIKELY CANDIDATE ...HAIR ALL OVER YOUR BODY...

...EVEN A TINY SCRATCH ON THE REST OF THE BODY SOMEWHERE ...ANYWHERE?

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE EVEN BELIEVES IN WEREWOLVES... YOU CAME FROM THE OLD COUNTRY ...IT'S GOTTA BE YOU...



IT'S NOT ME... AND I'M LEAVING IN THE MORNING...

I'M NOT NEITHER TIBOR...

WALL I KNOW IT AIN'T ME...

I GOTTA MIND TO KILL BOTH OF YOU RIGHT NOW!

CAN'T HUNT WITH ONLY 3 MEN ANYWAY...

...AND I'M NOT SLEEPING A WINK TONIGHT...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES...



YOU AIN'T GOT A MIND BO!

DON'T START ON ME HOLLIS...

I'LL KILL YA JUST LIKE BRUTE WOULD'VE...

BOTH OF YOU...KNOCK IT OFF... ...THIS HOUSE...

...THIS WEIRD HOUSE DOES HAVE SOME STRANGE PROPERTY... WHAT IS IS I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW... OR CARE...

...BUT COME TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE SWAMP BOAT COMES I'M KEEPING MY EYES WIDE OPEN...



IT IS NOW THE NIGHT IN THE STEAMING SWAMP...A JUNGLE-LIKE THICKNESS PERVADES THE CRUMBLING PALACE... AND WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE 3 MEN FIGHT TO KEEP AWAKE...KEEPING THEIR DISTANCES FROM ONE ANOTHER... FEARFUL DISTANCES...



RRRRRAAAARRRAARRRAAA... WHO ARE YOU... I'LL BLOW YER HEAD OFF...
...WHUT IS IT?...



...WHAT'S GOIN' ON... YOU YELLED?
...IT'S ME... BO...I... MY GOD I...



RRRAAARRRAAAAGHHHRRR



RRRAAARRRAAAAGGGH
RRAGH RRRRAGGGHHH
RRRAARRRGG



WWWRAAAK
WWWRAACCKKK

MY GOD!
IT'S NOT
DOING ANY
GOOD...



GOOD LORD...
...WHO WAS IT
BO...WHO WAS IT?

MUSTA...
BEEN...
HOLLIS...



...HOLLIS... MY GOD... I KNEW IT...
IT HAD TO BE... HOLLIS WAS RIGHT...
I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO EVEN
KNEW WHAT A WEREWOLF WAS...

...I WAS THE ONLY ONE
WHO BELIEVED... THOSE STRANGE
FEELINGS... THIS HOUSE... ACTING
ON MY SUBCONSCIOUS... I KNEW IT
WAS ME... I COULDN'T TELL THEM...

OH MY GOD...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...
I FEEL SO STRANGE... CAN
FEEL THE HAIR
STARTING TO
GROW ON MY
BACK!

RRRRRAAA
RAAAARRRRRR

...BUT IT ISN'T
MINE...
...IT'S A HAND...
MY GOD'S IT'S...

RRRRRAAAAAARRR
RRRAAAARRRAAAA

THE
DOG!

THIS BIZARRE PALACE AFFECTS EVERYBODY EVERY WHICH WAY... BRINGING OUT THE WORST IN MAN AND BEAST... AND SINCE MAN'S BEST FIEND IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THIS SHOCKER BARREL BUCKET KNOWN AS DARKKOS MANSION... AYE... THAT IS ITS NAME...

...YOU WILL MEET HIM AGAIN IN ANOTHER TIME WHEN WE RETURN TO THIS DECREPID CRYPT TO SEEK A REASON FOR ITS MAD EXISTENCE... BUT REMEMBER... WHEN NEXT WE RETURN... FOR WHATEVER CAUSE... THERE IS ALREADY... A WEREWOLF WITHIN...

WHAT IS THE MACABRE TRUTH ABOUT DEMONIC POSSESSION--CAN A DEMON ACTUALLY CLIMB INTO A MAN'S SOUL? THE EXPLANATION IS NOT SIMPLE--IT IS INVOLVED AND INTRICATE...FOLLOW WITH US THEN...AND KNOW THE INCREDIBLE ANSWER...



WHAT IS YOUR BOON?

I SEEK THE POSSESSION OF A MAN BY A DEMON...I WANT REVENGE ON THIS MAN--I WANT HIM TO BE TORTURED--I WANT HIM TO BE IN AGONY... GRANT ME THIS MASTER--AND I SHALL FOREVER CONTINUE TO BE YOUR SERVANT!

LURKING WITHIN THE NEXT HORROR PACKAGE FROM **SKYWALD HOUSE** THESE MACABRE MEANDERINGS AWAIT TO TAUNT YOUR BRAIN AND BLOW YOUR MIND... THESE ARE THE TALES OF

**MOENCH
FEDORY
FUJITAKE
HEWETSON**

... THE **MASTER STORY-TELLERS**... THE MEN WHO LIVE TO CREATE THE MAD-EMOTIONAL

GENE DECIDES TO TAKE HIS TIME, SAVOR THE MILE WALK TO HIS HOME... BUT EVEN SO HE IS FAR TOO DISTANT AND FACING THE WRONG WAY TO SEE THE GENTLE STIRRING BENEATH THE MUTE GRAVE, THE SLOW-MOTION ERUPTION OF A QUIVERING FEMININE HAND GRASPING A FEATHERED SHAFT OF DOOM...

... OR THE SUBSEQUENT AND FORCEFUL LUNGE OF ANOTHER HAND, ANOTHER HAND WHICH SURGES UPWARD IN A SPEWING HAIL OF DIRT, AND A HAND WHICH IS MUCH TOO **MASCULINE** TO BE THE MATE TO THE FIRST HAND...



HORROR MOOD!

... COME LIVE WITH US...
... COME INTO OUR MINDS...
... COME AND ENJOY BEASTS
AND ARCHAIC ABOMINATIONS
WROUGHT TO TEASE YOU
AND PLEASE YOU...

-COMING SOON-

-NOSFERATU-

**-HIT AND RUN...MISS
AND DIE-**

-THE FUNERAL BARGE-

-AND THE AWKWARD
EMOTION-EVOKER IN
THE NEXT **PSYCHO**...

**-THE
SLITHER-SLIME
MAN-**

Pablo
Mach...



PERHAPS only SATAN knows what unknown forces pulled at me, clutched at my mind, dragged me into that black cobblestoned alley against my will... but WHATEVER... I did not enter that crypt of things-unnamed of my OWN accord... something GLINTED in a corner of that alleyway... something obscene that at once seemed to writhe and convulse and torment me... something horribly lapping the black blood of a long dead rodent... something I should have IGNORED...

THE THING IN THE ALLEY

Any of you who need to call me by a NAME will be disappointed... for I will not give it; my family has suffered enough from my own misery, and I will not have them dragged through the official mires of an investigation which would be sure to follow were I to publish my name... no, let the tale be told only because it HAS to be...

The night was late in August... I was taking in the night air as was my custom, before retiring, to clear the dust of the day — to give my LUNGS a chance to BREATHE! It was my habit to take a certain route every night, for on the way was a small curiosity shop which every day seemed to change its window display... and on this night I studied a peculiar and archaic inkwell that must have given some writer much use, for it was wonderfully soiled and stained, and although the shop owner had obviously taken lengths to attempt to restore it, it was quite apparent it was BEYOND restoration, for a crack in the glass ink-holder suggested it would never again contain any manner of liquid worth reporting.

As I studied the curiosity I was suddenly bound-up by an odd shuffling, scraping sound nearby, although it was really more of a hollow, haunting, dragging sound, as of something greatly disordered betraying its own movements. I turned, and to my utter astonishment found a little black alley running directly parallel to the edge of the shop. I was utterly astonished... for it was the first occasion — even after long months of traversing this neighborhood, by this very shopfront, that I had even noticed the alleyway...

I was distressed by my find... my nerves involuntarily twitched and jerked as they rummaged about within me searching for support... and I fell to my knees, scraping them as they hit the pavement — to the horrid extent that they actually started to bleed! The wretched sound from the alley threatened louder, I could hear the guttural moaning of the thing within... tottering gleefully in a form and manner no man would ever call his own...

And yet I was drawn, inexorably DRAWN to that unholy gateway to peer in at the thing... to see what hateful manner of thing Satan can spawn. I looked into that darkness, my eyes shot red from the tears that welled out; at first I could see only a faint movement... and then I saw something that choked my heart...

The thing had no color... it was clear... shiny almost, in its veined grotesquery. It was a number of feet tall, yet it seemed to creep about on the cobblestones rather than stand. It had two legs, emaciated and gaunt in a twisted disguise of liteness...

Then it saw ME — it turned in an appalling charade of surprise and looked at me through two things in its forehead that might be called eyes... tiny, globular balls of black that quivered within dark matted holes and shimmered... SHIMMERED... as if they had some God-wrought RIGHT! I turned away from that scene of unholy terror and RAN as fast as my still-bleeding legs might carry me...

It still haunts me in dreams — black nightmares that taunt and ridicule me... I see it in its colorless horror — hunched and twisting on its two foul legs... its two black tiny eyes piercing into mine... oh, I shudder... I pull the blankets up over my mind and wonder of its dark origin and reason of hideous macabre openings into other-worlds where perhaps the THING now gathers with friends somewhere-else and tells them of the sad, mad, thing IT saw... Me! But it can never know the mocking irony of our meeting... aye, IRONY that I have to endure the rest of my life! For I was so injured as I fell to my knees that night that now I TOO am left with only two legs with which to crawl about... my other three leg-limbs were amputated just days after that awful night... now I feel as much a freak as that abomination — for what kind of man on God's great earth has five perfectly good arm-limbs, and only two legs?

by ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON/illustrated by BERNI WRIGHTSON

